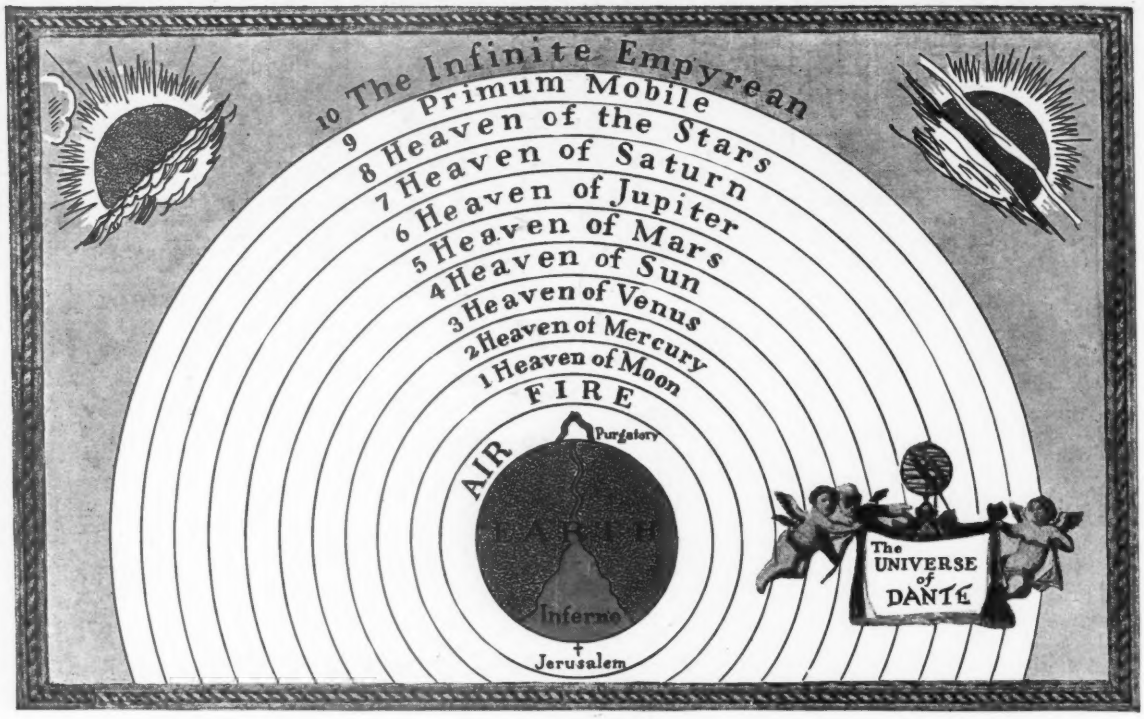
JULY 1930 35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



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THREE times banished under pain of death from his native city, Dante the Florentine wandered for many years an exile.

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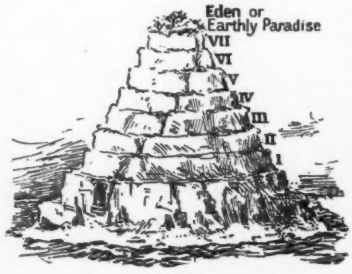

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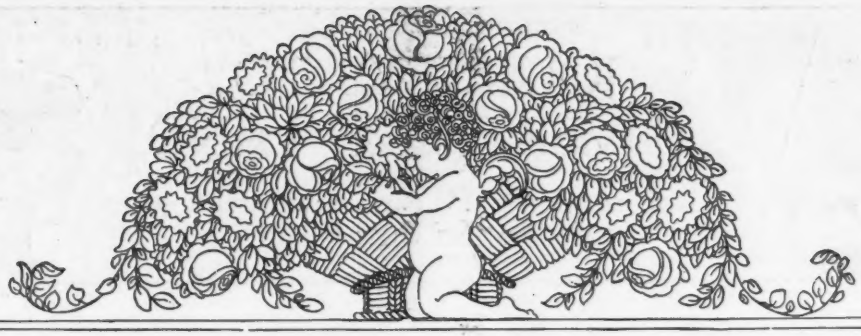

Volume IX
Number VII

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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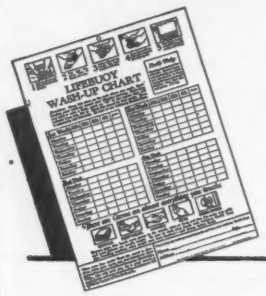

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Learn how Lifebuoy helps protect their Health

HURRY, hurry, Daddy," shrieked Robert and Ruth, dashing up the steps of the Lifebuoy factory. "We want to find out why Lifebuoy has such a nice, clean smell, and why it's so good for the skin, and why it is called *the health soap*."

"Suppose we answer the last question first," said a tall man in uniform. He explained that he was the man who showed visitors around the factory. "And I try to answer all their questions," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

"Then you'll be kept busy to-day," laughed Daddy.

"Let's look at the laboratory first and see if we can't find out how Lifebuoy helps keep you two children strong and healthy," the guide suggested.

"Whee!" Robert drew a deep breath as they stepped into a large, immaculately clean room. "When I get to be a doctor I'm going to have a laboratory like this."

"The first thing I want to show you is some pictures of tests a great New York doctor made in his own laboratory with Lifebuoy," said the guide.

He handed Ruth two very queer-looking photographs. One was all black with little white dots on it.

"Look, Ruth," pointed Robert, "at all the funny spots on that one, but there's not a single spot on the other."

"Right you are," said the guide. "That second photograph was taken after the hand was washed in Lifebuoy. It proves beyond doubt that Lifebuoy removes germs as well as dirt. Yet even though Lifebuoy purifies so wonderfully, it is gentle to the skin. Now we'll go and see the wash-up chart."

"What's a 'wash-up' chart?" interrupted Robert, but their guide merely told them to wait and see.

A moment later, they entered a huge room several times as long and about as high as some circus tents. From the balcony which surrounded the room, the children looked over, and then gasped at the immense soap kettles.

"Ruth, it is at least three stories to the floor. Think how deep those kettle-things are," said Robert in an awe-stricken voice.

"Isn't this *fun*, Bobby! Listen to the soap boiling! Oh—it looks good enough to eat! Just like heaps of candy in a giant pot. What's in this kettle now?"

"There's cocoanut oil from the Philippines in it—there's palm fruit oil from darkest Africa—and they are cooking together to make the finest soap ever," replied the guide.

"Oh," said Ruth. "Just think, palm oil all the way from Africa where lions live!"

"Yes, children, it is a long distance away, but from Africa the people who own this big factory send palm fruit oil to help make Lifebuoy Soap just the finest and gentlest soap that can be used on the human skin. Sometimes men have to roll big barrels of this oil for miles and miles to the sea-coast. Then it is put on ships and brought across the sea to Boston, put in large tank cars and brought here into our yard and stored in those huge tanks you saw outside."

"And then what happens?"

"Then we have the cocoanut oil and palm fruit oil run through pipes from the storage tanks in the yard to these kettles. At the same time is run in the ingredient necessary to make all soaps. This turns the oils into soap in a way you will learn all about when you study chemistry. If you want to pretend you are real chemists, you can tell your little friends at home that the mixture in the kettle becomes 'saponified'. 'Saponified' means 'made into soap.'"

"How do they ever get all this hot, wet soap made into pretty cakes of soap?" asked Ruth.

The guide smiled. "The wet soap is put through these rolls and then we have these coral-colored ribbons of soap coming through here to these dryers; here is where the moisture is dried out. Over here is what we call the 'mixer.' It looks like your mother's cake mixer, but is of giant size. This is where we put in the priceless ingredient that has made Lifebuoy known all over the world as the soap that washes away those pesky germs. See, it gets lost in the soap, mixed into every part of it, as it passes through those next big stone rolls."

"My goodness!" shouted Robert. "Look over here at this long, long bar of soap moving along. It hasn't any end!"

"Yes," said the guide, "it's a week long, because the machine never stops

(*Continued on page 346*)

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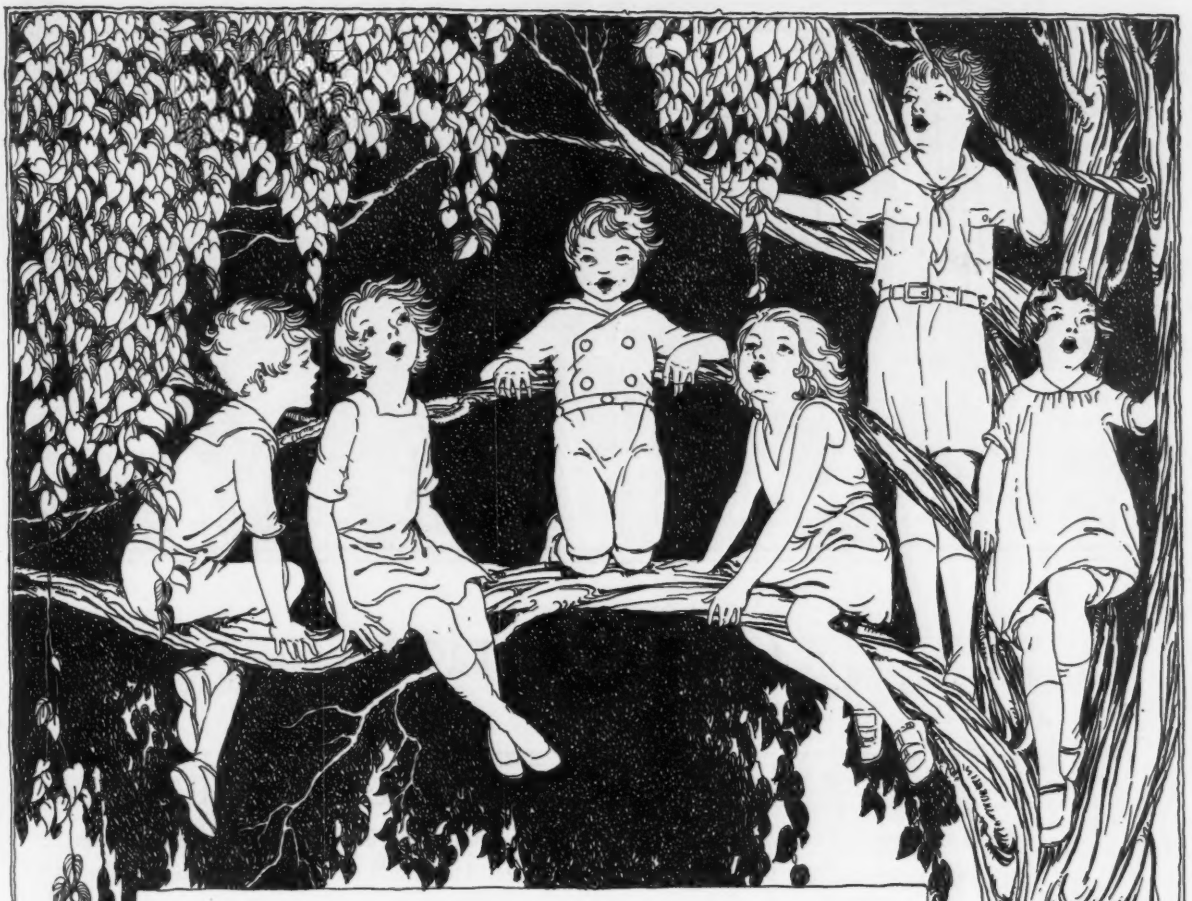


OUR PICNIC

DOWN by the brook near a bubbly spring
In the edge of the woods where the songbirds sing,
We went for a picnic, the Fourth of July,
Our fathers and mothers, my playmates and I;
We learned to climb trees, for none of us wore
Any clothes that it mattered a bit if they tore.
We played jolly games until time for our lunch
When we ate lots of goodies and drank cold green punch.
Then a farmer man came and said we might play
The whole afternoon on his newly mown hay.
We bounced and we slid on that stack of fresh clover
And we all wished the day would never be over.
After swimming awhile, we climbed a big tree
Where sunset and beauty were all we could see;
We played we were birds sitting on a long limb
And sang from Child Life "Our America" hymn.

Rose Maldo
Editor

Our America

Words by
MARJORIE BARROWS

Music by
CARRIE D. BARROWS

Joyously

mf

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! We'll sing our love for you From
Your stars and stripes wave in the breeze And thrill us all to - day, In

prair - ie farms and moun-tain homes And tow-ered cit - ies too. O!
God we trust, A - mer - i - ca, He'll lead us on our way. A -

land of Lin - coln, land of Lindbergh, Land of pi - o - neers, Our
mer - i - ca, we'll work with you For what we know is good, We'll

grat - i - tude to you we'll show Through - out the com - ing years!
work for Truth and Lib - er - ty And Peace and Broth - er - hood!

THE SECRET OF THE WILD CHERRY-TREE

By ROANE FLEMING BYRNES

All afternoon Jinny hung around watching the Silver Stars. They were having such a good time. The harness-room in the back of the stable was to be their clubroom and they were as busy as bees scrubbing and fixing it up.

"Ho, ho, Jinny! Sorry you're too young to join our society!" Wallace Randolph called to her as he went by carrying a chair on his head.

Jinny did not answer. She was afraid she would cry if she spoke. She climbed up on the meadow fence and tried to look as if she did not care.

Charles Lambert appeared at the stable door. "Hurry up, everybody!" he shouted. "Henry and I have finished writing the constitution; let's initiate right now!"

"Can—can other people watch you initiate?" stammered Jinny.

"Of course not! What sort of a secret society would that be?" Charles looked as disgusted as he felt.

Mildred Wynne, Jinny's older sister, came to the fence where Jinny was sitting. "Jinny," she said severely, "I wish you wouldn't hang around so. You mortify me. You are too young to join the Silver Stars and that settles it! You ought to be ashamed to act this way!"

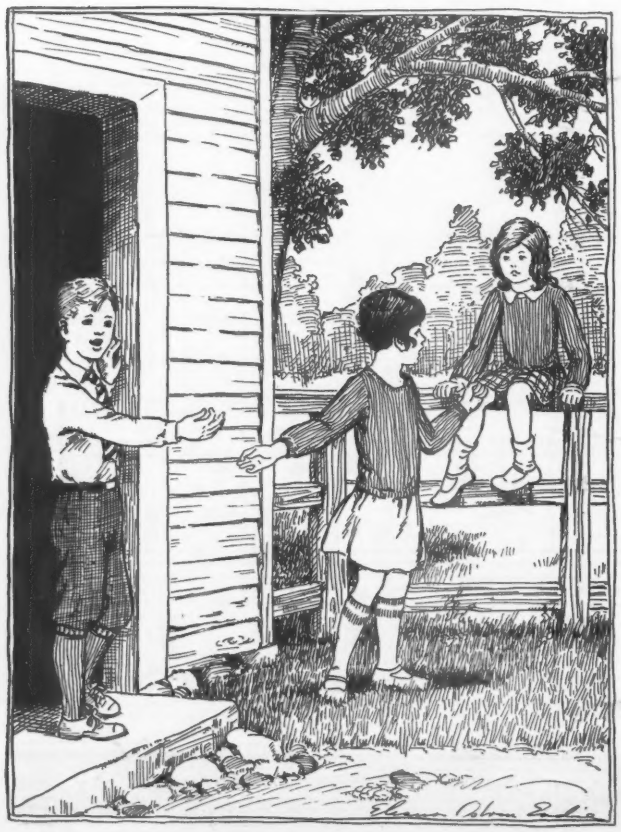
"I'm nine years old and you and Eva are just twelve." Jinny batted her eyes hard to keep the tears from falling.

"It wouldn't matter if you were thirteen," declared Eva Lambert, Mildred's best friend. "You are just too childish to keep a secret—isn't she, Mildred?"

"Certainly she is! And she acts like a crazy-jane half the time—always wandering about watching birds and scattering crumbs and talking to them in the silliest way! Besides, I don't suppose Judith would be willing to join the Silver Stars if a little girl like Jinny was in it! And we are getting up the society principally for her!"

"I don't care what she likes," said Jinny haughtily, "and I don't care about joining your old society either!" And she got off the fence and walked away.

"My, what a whopper!" jeered Henry Randolph. "Say, Jinny, Wally and I will vote for you to join if you'll tell us where to find that covey of partridges!"



"I'll never show you any of my birds! All you and Wally want to do is to shoot them!" cried Jinny. And she ran away to the bayou as fast as she could go. She did not want to burst out crying before them all.

Jinny loved the bayou. It was such a beautiful little ravine, all full of vines and bushes and trees and wildflowers. And it was so mysterious. Its banks curved in and out in the most interesting way, forming all sorts of secret caves and delightful little promontories. It was a wonderful place to explore in and even just to think about! It felt like a strange, far-distant country, yet it ran just in front of Jinny's house! She could play in it whenever she wanted to! Now she sat down on a log on the edge of the bayou and stared down into it. But somehow she could not think of anything but the Silver Stars.

"I don't want to join," she said out loud. "I don't care a bit. I don't care at all!"

But she did care. She knew she did. She wanted to be a Silver Star more than anything in the world. And she wanted to see Judith! Judith was like a girl in a book. She had traveled all over the world in the strangest, most out-of-the-way places. Her father was a famous explorer, Captain Winthrop, who had been down the Amazon in South America and

in all sorts of deadly jungles and curious villages. And he always took Judith and her mother with him whenever it was possible.

Judith had had the most exciting adventures, yet she was no older than Eva Lambert—just twelve and a half! Charles and Eva were lucky to have such a wonderful cousin! The Winthrops were going to leave Judith with the Lamberts for the whole winter so that she could go to regular school. She was coming the next day.

"But I'll never see her or hear her tell anything," thought Jinny as she blew her nose and wiped her eyes. "She'll never notice me if I'm not in the Silver Stars."

A little wren in a cedar tree near-by hopped about nervously. He felt sorry for poor Jinny.

"Cheer-up-er, cheer-up-er, cheer-up-er!" he called to her in his sweetest tones.

Jinny straightened up and smiled at him. He made her feel better.

"You love me, don't you?" she asked him. "The birds know I can keep a secret! I keep their secrets! And I believe I like them better than I do children!"

All at once she jumped up off the log and looked quite excited. "I know what I'll do, I know what I'll do!" she said out loud. "I'll have a society all by myself with the birds and the squirrels and the rabbits! And I'll never tell anybody about it! And I'll have a secret clubhouse! I know just where I'll have it—down under the wild cherry tree! I'll go there and begin the club right this minute, and maybe I'll forget about the Silver Stars!"

Cheered by this splendid idea, Jinny rushed to the house, filled her pockets with corn and bread, then ran back and slipped down the narrow, steep little path which led into the bayou. Jinny's mother allowed her to play there alone if she did not wander too far.

It was so soothing in the bayou. The leaves rustled softly underfoot; the red birds and brown thrashers hopped about the bushes scratching and cheeping gently; the rabbits loped lazily away as she approached. It all seemed so quiet and far-away. And how golden the sun's rays were, slanting down through the arches of the trees!

Jinny began to feel better. "Oh, I'm so glad I am going to have my own society," she thought, "and I know the birds will like it! If I feed them every day at the wild cherry tree, they will know that it is their club house!"

The wild cherry tree grew in such a beautiful, wonderful, secret place, where the bayou bank curved way, way in until it formed a lovely, crescent-shaped, little dell all carpeted with grass and soft green moss. The cherry tree grew at the back of the dell, slanting away from the bayou bank and making such a deep bow forward that its branches swept the ground. This made the most charming, cozy little tent, and the low-growing limbs were the very nicest sort of seats! It was all wild and delightful and inviting—the finest club house imaginable—and Jinny's heart beat fast as she drew near the screen of bushes that concealed it.

For this was the best thing of all about the spot—it was hidden. Straight across the opening to the dell, bushes and brambles and trees and vines grew so thick that you might pass it a hundred times and never dream of its being there! Of course, Jinny did not push through the bushes and spoil the screen; she scrambled up the bank to the right of it—the way she had gone when she first found the tree—and holding aside some vines, stood looking down into the dell.

How beautiful it was, and how secret! Only Jinny and the birds and the little wild creatures knew about it! Jinny began to pick her way down the side of the bayou bank. It was a steep descent, but this was nothing; Jinny could climb like a squirrel. Once on the mossy floor of the dell, she looked about her with delight. The harness-room in the stable was nothing compared to this!

She took the bread from her pocket and crumbled it and scattered it with the corn in front of the cherry-tree house. "The birds are getting hungry now that winter is coming," she thought. "It won't

take them long to find these crumbs." Then she gently pushed aside the sweeping branches of the cherry tree and seated herself on one of the low-growing limbs. She sat as still as a mouse, holding her breath.

All at once a little group of chattering sparrows swooped down from a thorn tree near-by and fell to pecking and twittering with a will. Next a redbird and his mate advanced cautiously, hopping from bush to bush, cheeping to each other, until they reached the outlying grains of corn. Then a small flock of blackbirds came rushing down from the hill above to join the party, and the secret dell was filled with such cheeping and chirping and twitterings that Jinny's heart bounded with joy.

"You know that you belong to my society, don't you?" she whispered to them. "Every day I'll bring more and more to eat so there will be enough for everybody! I'll bring some suet, and I'll bring a flat pan and keep water in it so you will never need to be thirsty!" A rabbit, hearing all the excitement, peeped curiously into the dell, his long ears cocked for danger. "And I'll bring cabbage leaves for the rabbit!" cried Jinny, spying him. "And I'll bring nuts for the squirrels, and you all can show me where you live and where you hide from bad boys and I will never, never tell! And I believe I have the finest society in the whole world!"

But next day when Judith came, it did not seem half so fine. Charles and Eva brought their famous cousin over after lunch to meet the Silver Stars, and Jinny found she could not tear herself away from them. She hung around forlornly, trying to hear what was being said, though it was plain that no one wanted her. She simply had to stay.

Judith was even better than she had expected. She was a slim, dark-haired girl, very much sunburned and rather quiet. She looked as if she had been in deserts and jungles and primeval forests. But she never bragged a bit nor put on airs. Only after the others questioned her and questioned her did she begin to talk about all she had seen. She told the most interesting things about the strange people and animals and trees and birds in the South American and Central American countries—not silly, conceited stories like Eva's when she came back from Yellowstone Park! Judith sounded true and real—you could believe every word. Jinny got so interested she stepped up close to her and caught her by the arm.

"Are those the countries where the warblers and humming birds go in the winter?" she asked eagerly.

Eva Lambert looked up quickly. "Why are we all standing around here?" she exclaimed quickly before Judith could answer. "Come on! Let's go to our own clubroom where we won't be interrupted all the time!"

"Oh, of course!" agreed Mildred. "We must initiate Judith into the Silver Stars!" And they all walked away toward the stable.

Jinny saw Judith look back at her and say something, she could not hear what, but she heard Eva reply, "Oh, she's entirely too young to belong to a secret society. She is just a kid!"

Jinny stalked off proudly to the bayou. "I'm not going to cry," she said, throwing back her head. "I don't care a bit about them and their old stable! My cherry tree is ever so much nicer, and my members are much nicer—except maybe Judith! And I believe she would like my secret dell better than she does the Silver Stars!"

Days passed. The weather grew colder. And as it grew colder, Jinny's society became tamer. The squirrels now would perch on her shoulder and hop into her lap; the rabbits ate from her hand, and the birds pecked their dinner peacefully at her very feet! Jinny had named her friends the "Tree-Dwellers," and she would have been perfectly happy with them if she had had just one real, live, human person to talk to and to share with her the secrets of the cherry-tree dell.

"I know Judith would like to join us," she used to tell her assembled society. "If she knew about us, I'm sure she would want to join!" And the redbirds would cheep back to her sympathetically.

But Judith knew nothing of the Tree-Dwellers. The Silver Stars kept her busy all of the time. She was their brightest star member, and they entertained her royally. They

decided to give her a picnic, and so one fine, clear Saturday, they packed their luncheon baskets and took her off to the fishpond in the meadow, around the next curve of the bayou.

Jinny watched them go until they were out of sight, hoping until the last minute that they might relent and invite her to go, too. But no one spoke to her or noticed her in any way. They went off laughing and talking about all of the things they were going to do.

The picnic was too much for poor Jinny. It was the last straw! She rushed off to her dell, threw herself on the ground and buried her face on the cherry-tree limb.

"Oh, I want to be a Silver Star. I want to go to the picnic!" she sobbed. "I'm tired of just birds and animals. I'm lonesome, I'm lonesome!" And she cried and cried and cried.

Two squirrels came out and hopped on her back, but Jinny did not look up. A rabbit came and sat looking at her inquiringly, but Jinny did not stir. Then the birds came flocking around cheeping and twittering for their dinner, coming closer than ever before. They were all full of sympathy and would have helped her if they could. But Jinny just lay there and cried and cried and cried.

How long she lay there she did not know, but all at once she was aroused by a voice. It came from just above her head. "What is the matter?" it said. The tone of the voice was so low and quiet that not a single bird was startled. But Jinny was startled. Who was breaking into her secret dell?

She scrambled to her feet and looked up. A head was peering over the edge of the bank above. It was Judith! Jinny just stood there staring at her, not saying a word. It was too good to be true. She was afraid she might say or do the wrong thing and her wonderful visitor would go away. Judith broke the silence. "May I come in?" she asked in the same low voice.

"Oh, yes!" cried Jinny, hardly able to believe her own ears. She stood, breathless and admiring, as Judith eased her way down the bank so quietly that the Tree-Dwellers did not notice her. They went on eating undisturbed.

"Oh, Jinny," exclaimed Judith in a hushed whisper, when she stood beside her under the cherry tree, "this is the nicest place I ever saw!"

In that one instant all of Jinny's tears dried as if by magic.

"This is my secret society, the Tree-Dwellers," she said proudly. "No one in the world knows about it, and no one belongs to it but me and the birds and the squirrels and the rabbits. But I don't mind your knowing if you won't tell anybody else."

"Of course, I won't tell," said Judith. "It's the best thing I ever heard of! You—you don't suppose you would be willing to have another member?"

"I would like to have you," said Jinny promptly.

Then they both burst out laughing. They sat down on the tree and laughed and laughed. The Tree-Dwellers retreated a little and eyed them curiously; then seeing they meant no harm, they gradually came back closer again.

"Just look!" exclaimed Jinny in delight. "They are not at all afraid of you, Judy! They know you are a member! Poor things!" she added. "I was almost tired of them, I was almost mean to them, just before you came!"

"I'm so glad I found you," said Judith. "I got tired of the picnic and slipped off while they were all fussing about who should be the secretary of the Silver Stars. There was a redbird I wanted to watch with my bird-glasses. He went hopping about and I followed him from tree to tree; and he led me straight here!"

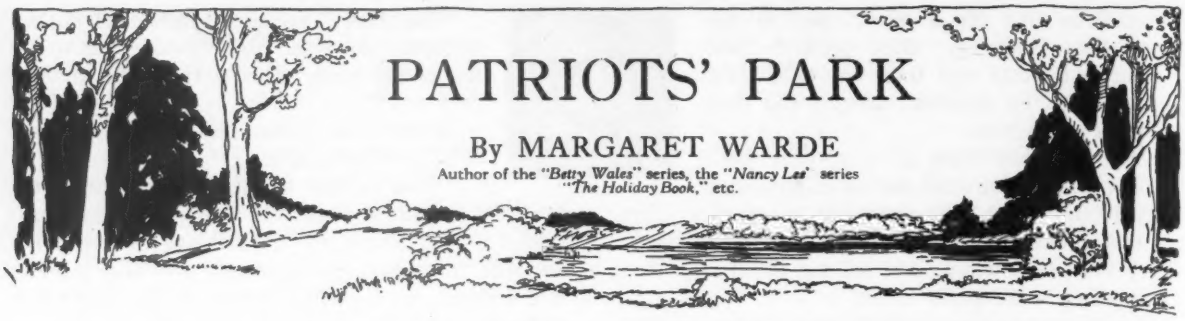
"Oh, do you like to watch birds, too?" Jinny was so pleased she could not sit still.

"I should say I do! Father gave me these field-glasses to watch them with. They are fine—don't you want to look through them?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Jinny, and she held them to her eyes. "Why, Judy, they are like magic glasses! Just look at the little kinglet, way over there on the thorn bush! He seems so close! I can see his ruby crown going up and down just as plain! Judith, these glasses are the finest things I've ever seen!"

"I have a book, too, that I know you would like," said Judith in a

[Continued on page 332]



PATRIOTS' PARK

By MARGARET WARDE
Author of the "*Betty Wales*" series, the "*Nancy Lee*" series "*The Holiday Book*," etc.

IT WAS quarter to five on the afternoon of July third, and the Young Patriots' Park Committee —George Washington Jones, chairman—sat huddled on Pud Hays' side steps, which were shady and had a good view of Main Street, waiting for Judge Pennington to come home from his office.

"'Course he had to go and be late to-night," grumbled Pud, who had assured the committee that the old Judge always came home by four-thirty.

"Aw, heck!" sighed Charlie Towne, who wasn't on the committee but was sitting there because he had nothing better to do. "The Judge won't give you that land. My father asked him once. We kids can't get anything out of him if my father couldn't."

"Say!" exclaimed George Washington Jones scornfully. "You're a nice patriot, Charlie, trying to get us to stop working for this park. You were the one that organized the Young Patriots—"

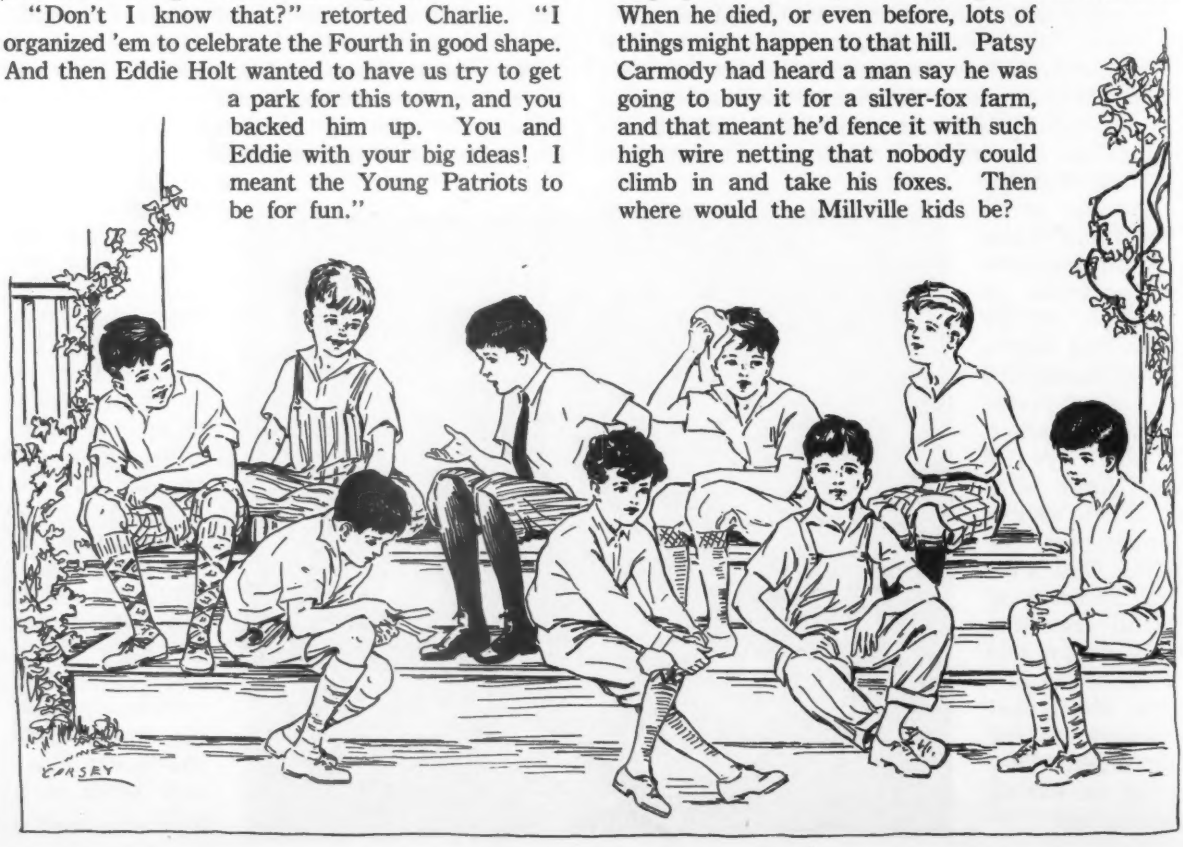
"Don't I know that?" retorted Charlie. "I organized 'em to celebrate the Fourth in good shape. And then Eddie Holt wanted to have us try to get a park for this town, and you backed him up. You and Eddie with your big ideas! I meant the Young Patriots to be for fun."

"Well, aren't we going to have a picnic to-morrow?" demanded Patsy Carmody. "That's for fun, isn't it? Well, we got to have some patriotism too."

"Here's the Judge now," broke in George Jones briskly. "Say, wouldn't getting the park be fun, Charlie?"

"Yes, but you won't get it," returned Charlie crossly. "You'll be back here in about five minutes with more sense in your heads."

It wasn't any little square just big enough for a war-marker that the Young Patriots wanted for Millville. Old Judge Pennington owned most of Pine Hill, the Millville children's favorite playground. The top of it, where High Pond was, and the slope towards the town, where Pine Creek ran down through an evergreen-shaded gorge, were the parts the boys meant to ask for. Of course they all played there now, but the Judge was an old man. When he died, or even before, lots of things might happen to that hill. Patsy Carmody had heard a man say he was going to buy it for a silver-fox farm, and that meant he'd fence it with such high wire netting that nobody could climb in and take his foxes. Then where would the Millville kids be?



Judge Pennington was very polite to the committee, but he wouldn't promise anything. "Why should I give away my hill?" he asked. "I've already refused some of your fathers. There will be valuable timber there some day—that is, if you boys don't set it afire again. Millville boys set the big fire that ruined a lot of fine timber for me. Why should I give them a park?"

"It wasn't any of us boys set the fire, Judge," George Jones assured him solemnly. "Must have been years ago, because now you can't see there ever was a fire. You been up there lately, Judge, to see how pretty it is?"

"No, I haven't," snapped the Judge, who hated growing old and stiff. "But I know boys. Always up to mischief—always will be."

"You can trust us boys to look after a park," Pud Hays told him. "Boys ain't so awful as you think, Judge, honest they're not."

"You come to our picnic to-morrow," suggested George Jones, "and see how pretty the pond is. We've had piles of good times on your hill, and we'd like to give you one back."

The Judge liked that invitation. He asked George his name, and said he was sorry he couldn't attend the Patriots' picnic. "Some day I'll certainly ride up that path on my new saddle horse and eat a meal with you fellows by my pond," he said.

At the corner the committee met Alicia Mary Thompson. "Hello, Young Patriots!" she greeted them scornfully. "Please tell me what's so very patriotic about having an old picnic?" Alicia Mary was annoyed because the girls had been left out this time.

"We're doing lots of things besides having the picnic," Pud informed her loftily.

"Huh!" sniffed Alicia Mary. "You needn't tell me that little boys—" she stared unkindly at George Jones, who was a head shorter than she—"can be patriots."

"Boys surely can," George took up her challenge coolly, "and girls too, Alicia Mary. We can't do things for the whole country probably, but things we do to help our town and our neighborhood and our school count too. A good citizen that helps his town is a patriot."

"And how do you kids expect to help the town?" inquired Alicia Mary, and danced off without waiting for an answer.

"Somehow," George said, just as if she was still there, "we must make Judge Pennington feel different about boys. If we can show him that he can trust us, I think maybe he'll give us the park."

"We can't do that!" sighed Pud. "Folks don't trust boys not to be careless. I do tear my clothes a lot and things like that, but I wouldn't set woods afire, nor throw tin cans in the pond, nor cut nice trees for firewood, nor tear off birchbark, nor empty my cup of water back into the spring hole."

"Sensible things like those no fellow is careless about," announced Patsy Carmody.

"Then that's what we've got to prove to Judge Pennington," said George Jones.

It had been a hot, dry summer and Fourth of July kept up the pace. People had had to stop watering their gardens—no more chances for the children to get into bathing suits and squirt one another with a hose. But there was plenty of water in High Pond, and every Young Patriot intended to make swimming the principal feature of his Fourth of July picnic. By the time they had climbed the path to High Pond, they were hot and tired, and without loss of time they made for their improvised float. They had been there perhaps half an hour when Pud happened to look landward.

"Who's using our fireplace to-day?" he inquired, and looked again and harder. "Say, fellows, this hill is afire!" he yelled, and swam off to investigate. All the Young Patriots followed him.

"How do you put out a fire?" inquired little Eddie Holt, as he waded to shore. He looked right at George Jones, so George answered him.

"First we'd better put on our shoes. And wet these boards and take all the newspapers from our lunch boxes. Papers and wet planks are fine to slap out a fire with."

There were three planks on shore, left over from the raft. The paper wrappings from the lunch,

when folded together, made just two efficient "slappers." When they saw what a start the fire had got in dry grass, leaves, and low bushes, George sent the boys without implements back to the pond.

"We need some water right here to wet our planks in," he ordered. "Pud, you know where you hid the pails we kept minnows in last spring. Then pull in the raft and knock off more boards. We've all got to be able to work at this."

"Have a heart, George," objected Charlie Towne. "Think what a lot of work that raft was to build."

"Can't—help—that—now," panted George, slapping out flames busily.

It wasn't any time before a wet plank began to sizzle and had to be wet again. When you thought you'd put out a strip of ground for sure, it began blazing again almost before you'd stopped work on it. A pail of water is heavy for a small boy to lug, and the blazing July sun and the heat from the fire combined to make everything harder. Worst of all, after ten minutes' work, George couldn't see that they had made any headway.

Just then Alicia Mary Thompson and four other girls strolled up the path.

"Hello, Young Patriots!" jeered Alicia Mary. "You trying to get warm after your baths?"

George Jones glanced at her absently. "You're a good sprinter, Alicia Mary. You go down to Bateman's and telephone the fire company that the hill's afire. And then you telephone Judge Pennington. He ought to know. Pud, rip off some planks for the girls. Four more workers can help a lot."

"G. W., you're crazy!" It was Charlie Towne again. "I thought to begin with that we'd better not mix up in what we weren't to blame for. The fire chief and Judge Pennington will be sure to scold us and blame us for the fire. I'm going home."

"So am I," chimed in Pud.

"No, you're not going home, fellows," George told them, slapping flames as he talked. "We didn't—set this fire—and we all know it. But—if we left it—and went home—we'd know—we were cowards—not patriots."

Charlie dipped his sizzling plank in water and went on working. So did Pud.

Somehow after Alicia Mary had gone, the fire seemed less stubborn. Perhaps it was the four girls with four more planks who turned the trick. Perhaps George's remark to Pud and Charlie fired the boys with new zest. Or perhaps they had been doing better all along than they realized. Anyhow when the firemen arrived, nine dirty, singed exhausted youngsters, too weary even to open their lunch boxes, lay on the ground on the edge of the charred land, while four slightly less smudged and much less tired girls patroled the plot, watching for fresh outbreaks. The big fire was out.

"Say, you did mighty well!" the fire chief congratulated the volunteers. "But why didn't you watch out before such a blaze as this got started on you?"

"We didn't start it," Pud told him. "We just saw it when we were swimming, and came and put it out."

The fire chief looked hard at him and was just going to speak, when along came Alicia Mary Thompson and spoke first. "I saved you from having another fire to put out," she announced proudly. "Two men were ahead of me and one threw the end of his cigarette into the dry grass and never looked back. It blazed right up. I stamped it out and

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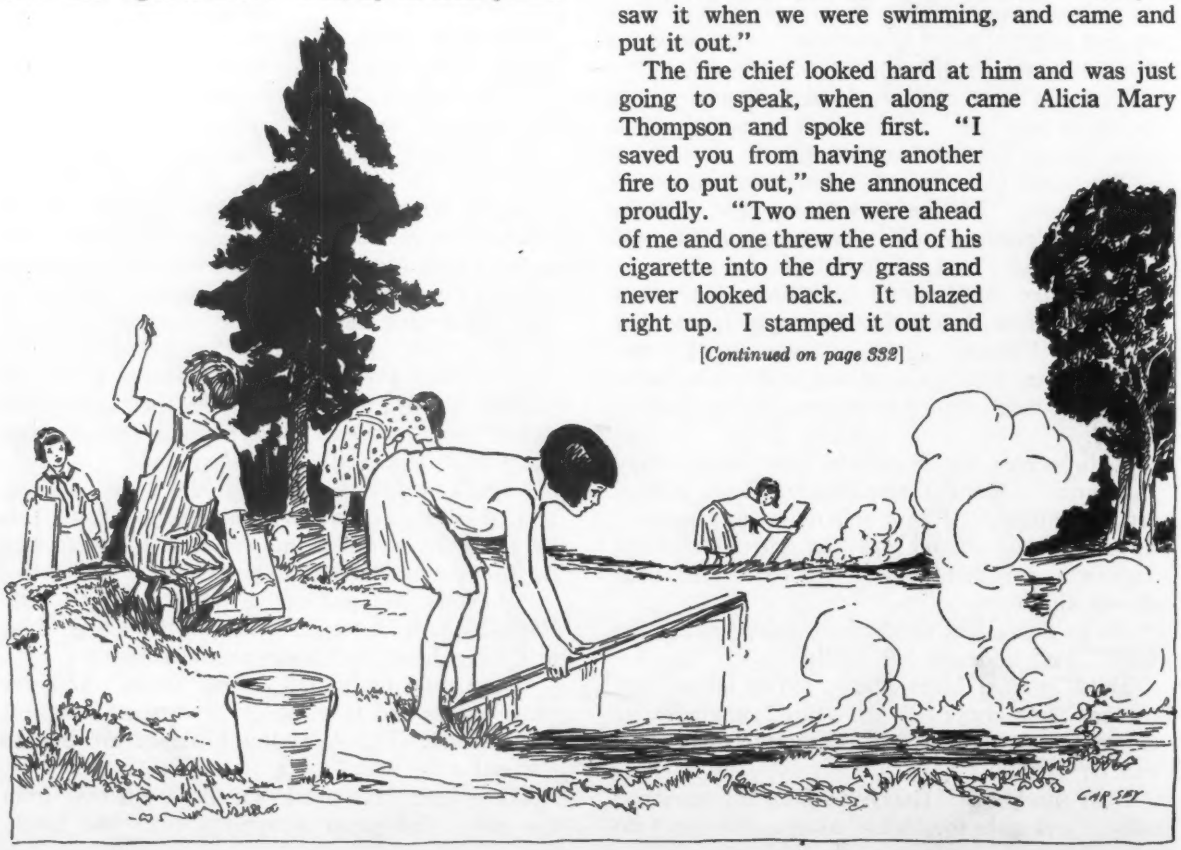
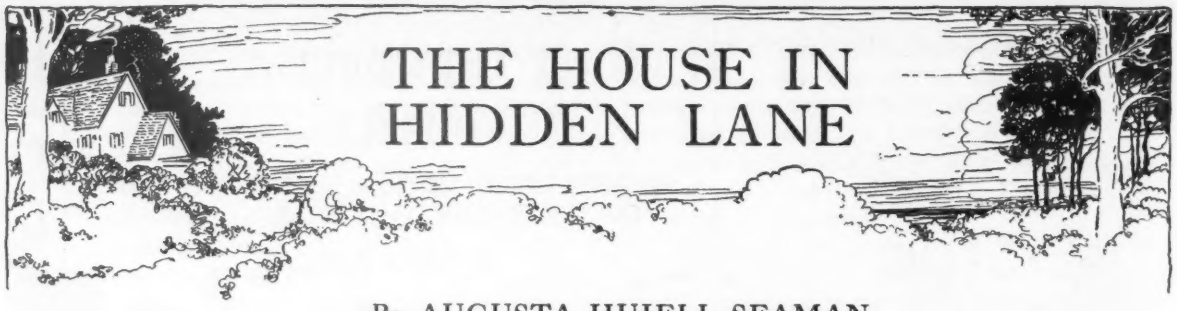


THUMBELISA PUZZLE—

FIND HER FOSTER MOTHER, THE WITCH AND HER FRIENDS, THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE MOLE

By HELEN HUDSON



THE HOUSE IN HIDDEN LANE

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of *"The Secret of Tate's Beach," "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes," "The Disappearance of Anna Shair," "A Book of Mysteries,"* etc.

CHAPTER I

AUNT ABIGAIL'S WHITE ELEPHANT

THE Tanner family was at breakfast when the postman rang and dropped the letter in the box. Bettina ran to get it and brought it to her mother.

"It must be a lovely letter," she remarked. "See—it's marked 'Nice'!"

"Oh, that's really a city in the south of France—and it happens to be pronounced 'N-e-e-c-e,'" said Mrs. Tanner, glancing at it. "It must be from Cousin Annabel. I wonder what's the matter with her *now?* There's always something wrong when she sends a letter!"

"May I have the stamp for my collection?" demanded Junior. And Mrs. Tanner absently handed him the envelope while she read the letter.

"Just as I thought!" she added later, laying it down beside her plate with a gusty sigh.

"What's the trouble, Elizabeth?" queried Mr. Tanner from behind his morning paper. The family always thought he was deep in the news each morning, only to discover that usually he'd heard everything that was going on.

"Annabel's the trouble, as usual!" she replied. "She writes that she and her husband must remain in Europe this summer for business reasons, and wants to know if we'll oblige her by doing two things. And I must say I'm not keen about either of them. In the first place, she wants to know if we'll take the twins for the summer and see that they don't break their necks. She says she'd have them with her, only there's no one to bring them over to her and she doesn't feel that Europe in the summer is a good place for small children anyway. You know they're both in a private school in Connecticut, just now."

"Well, I guess we can manage that," commented Mr. Tanner, "though this apartment *is* rather small for four noisy children. However, we'll go away to the mountains for the month of August. That'll be some help."

"You haven't heard the worst," continued Mrs. Tanner. "She wants to know if we'll also be good enough to go out to Seabranch and occupy Aunt Abigail's 'white elephant' for the summer!"

Mr. Tanner looked bewildered and the children's eyes were almost popping out of their heads with amazement.

"I think you'll have to explain," he remarked. "Is this something in connection with a zoo?"

Mrs. Tanner laughed reluctantly. "I forgot that you probably didn't realize what I was talking about. I'll explain. Aunt Abigail Blake was a great-aunt of both Annabel and myself.

She died a number of years ago and you never saw her, though I'm sure I've mentioned her occasionally. She was a very peculiar old lady and lived in a large and ancient white house in Seabranch down in Jersey. The house was a little way outside of the town and the only way to reach it was by going down a very narrow lane, overgrown with shrubbery, called 'Hidden Lane.' Both Annabel and I visited Aunt Abigail there occasionally in our girlhood, and we used to call it 'The House in Hidden Lane.'

"I was never a favorite with Aunt Abigail. I was rather a timid child and I was a little afraid of her. But Annabel was always her pet, and when she died she left Annabel the house in her will. But it was with the understanding that the house was to be occupied three months out of every year for fifteen years, by either Annabel herself or some other near relative, in case Annabel could not do so. Annabel has always hated the place—that's why she called it 'Aunt Abigail's white elephant'—and has somehow managed never to occupy it herself for more than a week or so every spring, when she goes there to open it up and put it in order. Then she's turned the place over to poor old Cousin Lizzie Greeley for the summer and gone gaily on her way. Cousin Lizzie was always delighted to go, for she loved the change from her one little city room where she boarded all winter. But Annabel writes that Cousin Lizzie has gone to California at last to live with her son, and there's no other relative left except myself. Annabel doesn't want to forfeit the house and land because she wants to sell it when the fifteen years are up. She says the land there is very valuable now. So I seem to be the only one who can help matters. What in the world shall we do? It's quite a problem."

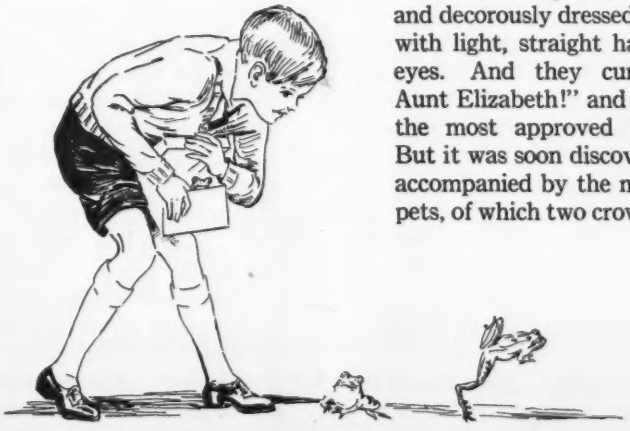
"The answer seems very simple to me," said Mr. Tanner, gathering up his paper and preparing to leave for business. "The twins may be a bit of bother—I've only seen them once or twice and they struck me as rather a handful—but instead of staying in the city all but one month of the hot summer, you can have the youngsters out in a nice old country home for three months with plenty of room for them to flourish around in. They'll be very little bother, and it's near enough so that I can get there at least two or three times a week. What more could you ask?"

"If you knew that old 'white elephant' as well as *I* do, you'd understand," sighed Mrs. Tanner. "It's a weird old place and always gave me the creeps. If it weren't that it's the last of the fifteen years, and Annabel would lose it if it weren't taken by some of us this summer, I wouldn't consider it. However, I suppose there's nothing to do but cable her that we'll do it. We can all live outdoors as much as possible, if the weather will permit. It's really quite lovely there on the Bay."

The children had been listening to all this conversation with big eyes and intent interest, but they said nothing till Mr. Tanner had gone. Then they fell upon their mother with innumerable questions. "What is the house like?" "Why is it weird?" "Why don't you like it, Mother?" "When are we going there?" "When do the twins get away from their school for vacation?" "Can we take Sheba (the Angora kitten)?" and so on and on, till Mrs. Tanner distractedly shooed them away to school.

This had taken place about the middle of April. By the first week in June many things had happened, chief of which was the arrival of the twins from their Connecticut school, and the beginning of packing up to leave for "the white elephant" (as it was now universally called in the Tanner family) by the middle of the month.

The twins had indeed begun to prove a problem from the very first evening of their arrival. They were ten years old, and their names, Lucien and Lucile Moran, had long since been familiarly cut down to 'Lucky' and 'Lulu.' Their appearance was deceptive, for they arrived quietly and decorously dressed in their school uniforms, with light, straight hair and big, angelic blue eyes. And they curtsied and said, "Yes, Aunt Elizabeth!" and "No, Uncle Charles!" in the most approved boarding-school fashion. But it was soon discovered that they had come accompanied by the most appalling number of pets, of which two crows in a cage, a small green turtle and five bullfrogs in a cardboard box were the main portion.



The crows terrified the Angora kitten, who retired under the

couch, every long black hair on end, and growled in organ notes whenever they flapped and cawed in their cage. The frogs had to be kept in the kitchen sink where they croaked all night and were found next morning mysteriously loose and hopping about the floor. The turtle also became mislaid and was very nearly stepped on and crushed under the heavy heel of Magnolia, the colored maid. The distracted Mrs. Tanner was for turning the whole menagerie out to take its chances in the great outdoors. But the twins were broken-hearted at the prospect, and Mr. Tanner at last gained a reprieve for them all by suggesting:

"It's only a few days till we get to Seabranch, now. Better take them all with us and they'll find their own way to get loose after that. You can't very well turn five frogs and a turtle adrift on the city streets!"

So the menagerie was tolerated, the irate Magnolia's feelings were soothed with the gift of a new purple dress, the twins got themselves into and out of innumerable scrapes, the packing went on, the confusion increased, till at last the day came for departure to the house in Hidden Lane.

It proved to be a dismal and dreary day. Rain fell in torrents, and when it wasn't falling it was foggy, dark and depressing. As it happened to be Wednesday and Mr. Tanner's business did not permit of his leaving before the end of the week, he could not accompany them. The baggage had been sent on ahead, but Mrs. Tanner and Magnolia each carried suitcases, and every one of the children was laden with a receptacle bearing the accumulated menagerie of the party. They filled up quite one end of a railroad car, and the croaks, caws and caterwauling that enlivened the trip made Mrs. Tanner blush with embarrassment, but filled the twins with unholy glee. Fortunately the day was so stormy that there were not many traveling in the train to hear the racket.

And so at last they arrived at the "white elephant." It was at a time of one of the hardest downpours of the day and they entered, wet and bedraggled after a ride from the station in a rickety taxi. Their entrance into the silent, grim-looking and musty house threw a damper over even the exuberant spirits of the twins, and they all clustered together in the dim central hall to wait till Magnolia and Junior had opened the shutters and made a fire in the kitchen stove.

"Gee, but it's a spooky place!" muttered Junior, moving from one darkened room to another to open the shutters, and keeping an off eye on the shrouded, odd-looking furniture. And Magnolia, struggling with the rusty kitchen range, shook her superstitious old head and moaned, "Dey's hants in dis place, sho' nuff, or mah name ain't Magnolia!" But Mrs. Tanner, now that the worst part of getting there was over, quite cheerfully laughed at their fears and declared that the first ray of sunshine in these dreary rooms would soon banish the gloom, and that they were going to have a glorious summer anyhow.

"Wait till you walk down Hidden Lane to the Bay!" she counselled gaily. "You're all going to be just crazy over the swimming and fishing and canoeing—and everything. We'll make this house look real jolly with some bright new chintz draperies and things, and we won't be in it much anyhow in nice weather. We'll even eat out on the back porch. Daddy said to see about getting it screened right away."

So what with one thing and another, their fears were allayed, the gloom seemed to lighten and they were all presently laughing and chattering merrily. Even Magnolia forgot her predictions, cooked them a delicious early supper which they ate in the warm kitchen, and condescendingly remarked, "De stove sho' does wuk fine an' meks me feel lak Ah's down ol' Geo'gia agin!"

By the time darkness fell they had explored almost every nook and corner of the place, selected their rooms and made their beds, plowed down through the wet lane to the Bay, housed the pets in the woodshed (all but the kitten, Sheba, who, being a little aristocrat, was allowed the freedom of the house), built a big open fire in the living room and settled down there for an hour or two before exhaustedly climbing into bed.

They had each, however, made a discovery about the old house—discoveries which no one of them happened to disclose to the other, and which were to prove secretly disturbing to them all. Mrs. Tanner's was the most commonplace, but none the less upsetting—for she had speedily recognized with a shock that the house had no telephone and no electric lights. Cousin Lizzie Greeley, being rather old-fashioned in her wants, had never required them, and Annabel had been glad enough not to have to put them in.

Magnolia had discovered that the narrow, steep and winding kitchen stairs that led to her room on the floor above led also to a dark and eerie loft above that, which seemed to connect with nothing else nor to have any special use that [*Continued on page 336*]

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

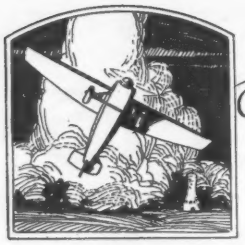
Bab had made her doll carriage into a cat's cradle, when Mother called, "Time for out-door kindergarten! Remember you sing two songs by yourself to-day!"

As Stub, Ted's donkey, took her there in his cart, Bab took her doll's parasol and waved good-by to Cupid, the kitten, and to Chip, too.

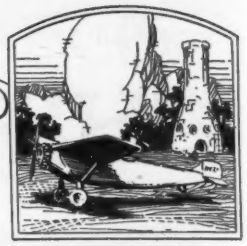
Bab was going to sing "I love little pussy" and "Old dog Tray," but when she stood out under the trees she forgot to remember just how they began.

She was standing first on one leg and then on the other, when the bushes near her rustled, and who should trot out to her but Cupid and Chip!

With these faithful followers on either side of her, Bab remembered the songs. And everybody clapped for her—even Chip, with his tail!



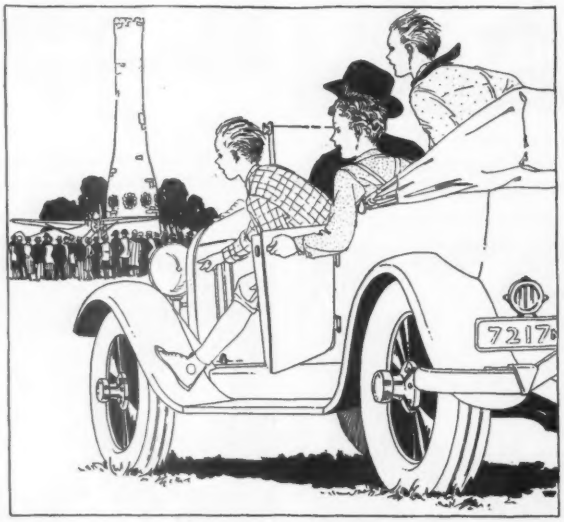
CHIMNEYPORT



By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Slim and his friends—Nick, Cupe, Bill, Andy, and Tim—are disappointed when they learn that their town isn't likely to have a municipal airport, for two reasons. There aren't enough people willing to subscribe for shares of the stock and the only land level enough belongs to old Mr. Weatherbee who will not sell. Slim is eager for the boys to get haying jobs with Mr. Weatherbee, a man of hermitlike habits, so that they may earn money to buy a share of the stock and also because he is interested in having a closer view of the mysterious old chimney on his place. They are timid about approaching him, but when Slim saves the life of his dog, Bruno, who has been attacked by a porcupine, Mr. Weatherbee is so grateful that he gives them the jobs. He declares that he has left the huge chimney standing because it is his philosophy that if one saves a thing long enough a use will be found for it. Slim and Cupe, spending the night in the chamber that forms the base of the chimney, are aroused from a sound sleep by a sudden blaze of skyrockets outside, and they realize that the other boys, grown curious, have come back to stay with them. Then they hear another sound—a crippled airplane above them. Slim quickly orders the others to light their flares and send up their rockets, so that they may light the pilot down. The aviator who lands is carrying a passport to the Senor Massileo of a South American republic, so that he may sail from Boston at daybreak to represent his country before the World Court and thus probably avert a disastrous war. But the aviator is hurt, his machine is wrecked and a storm has broken down the bridges so that machines cannot get through. But Slim is determined that the passport shall be delivered in time, and starts off on foot, with Tim, Andy and Nick, to take the passport to Bud Russell, an aviator who has landed over at South Athol, five miles away, for repairs. They are forced once to swim a creek in the darkness, Slim holding the passport high above the water, helping himself with his feet, while Nick does a chest-carry; and finally they reach Bud Russell, who agrees to carry the passport to Boston in his plane. Slim goes with him, while the other boys make their way back to the Weatherbee meadow. They are surprised, on reaching there in the early morning, to find it black with people.



PART IV

"THAT'S because it's all folks!" Tim exclaimed, jumping up suddenly and treading painfully on the toes of his companions.

"Yes sir! All folks!" echoed Nick. "Everybody in town must be there!"

When their car finally drew up alongside a hundred others that were parked by the entrance to Weatherbee's meadow, the boys tumbled out and raced to see what was going on.

At the gate they were met with a gruff, "Not so fast, not so fast, young ones. Twenty-five cents admission to this show. The plane isn't all smashed up, the way some said, but she's worth your quarter, to see. Shell out, I say, before I'll let you by. Oh, gee whiz! Honest, Nick—Tim—I didn't see it was you. You wouldn't see anything either, if you'd been at this job since a little after midnight."

Bill indicated the "job" with a wide sweep of his arm toward the field full of curiosity-seekers, and ended with a stretch and an almost unhealthily broad yawn. The boys stared at him, uncomprehending.

Bill went on, drowsily. "If any of you're interested in handling money, there's plenty of it here to count, and more coming in." He nodded toward two cars chugging their way. "You see, right after you left, someone came down to investigate our fireworks display, and they spread the good news in town, and a lot of folks thought there'd been a crash, and others had really never seen a plane close up. When he saw there might be quite a crowd, Cupe got this wonderful idea about me sitting over here taking admissions. That would pay Mr. Weatherbee for his hay getting trampled on and spoiled, and maybe there'd be some left over for us to buy a share in the airport, same as Slim wanted. Count it. I've made change till I feel like one of these slot machines. I've made change till I don't know a dime from a dollar, till—I—"

"You're all right, Bill," Tim spoke soothingly and admiringly, and laid a comforting arm across his shoulder. "We'll—ouch!"

The next moment he was hopping up and down, nursing a nipped finger. "Say, what do you think you are?" he demanded crossly. "Cleopatra? With a wasp under your toga?"

Bill roused enough to smile. He patted the lump under his coat and the rooster perked his head out again.

"Nope. He's not Cleopatra. His name's Brutus.

Aviator said so. I don't know why. Aviator says because he eats two when other birds ate only one."

"Et tu, Brute!" Tim was overjoyed to recognize this classical allusion.

With drooping eyelids Bill watched him turn handsprings in the grass. "I knew Slim would appreciate it, whatever it was, but I didn't know as you'd like it so well. Where's Slim?"

"In Boston by this time, we hope. How's the man?"

"Oh, he's comfortable. Cupe put him to bed in the lower chamber of the chimney."

"Then why don't you go over and find a soft spot somewhere yourself?" Tim suggested.

Bill responded with real enthusiasm and the three were left in charge of the gate receipts. People were still coming. It was great fun, even though they were a little sleepy.

About nine o'clock they saw a little group, headed by the board of selectmen, approaching. Some looked flustered, some triumphant, some unconvinced.

"I believe it's time we ducked," Nick suggested. "They may object—all this money we've taken in. Carnivals and circuses and things have to be licensed. Anyhow we don't dare charge them admission."

But Tim forced a smile and stood his ground. "Good morning," he greeted them, as pleasantly as though he were passing a loaf of bread over the counter. "Did you wish to look at our airplane? We are asking only twenty-five cents. It's not often that Orange has an opportunity to view an airplane right in its own back yard. Only—"

The selectmen were looking beyond him. They drew back a little and held consultation among themselves, whispered at first, then grew louder, and more and more eloquent. The boys could not help but overhear.

"I tell you, even if we had the money, Weatherbee would never sell—"

"But, I tell you, he's got to sell. We've got to have an airport. Isn't this the handwriting on the wall? A strange man with an important errand manages to bring his plane down in our midst, because of the quick wit of a gang of Orange boys. Although he is himself disabled, the errand is performed—through more quick wit and daring of our Orange boys. The town is already famous for it. The Boston morning papers carry big headlines about this foreigner being able to sail on time, though his passport had been left in Williamstown, though the heavy storm had hindered the first plane in getting through, just because our boys had some pep.

"Our boys want an airport. They want aviation. If they don't get it here, they'll go elsewhere. Orange needs them here. We must provide them—"

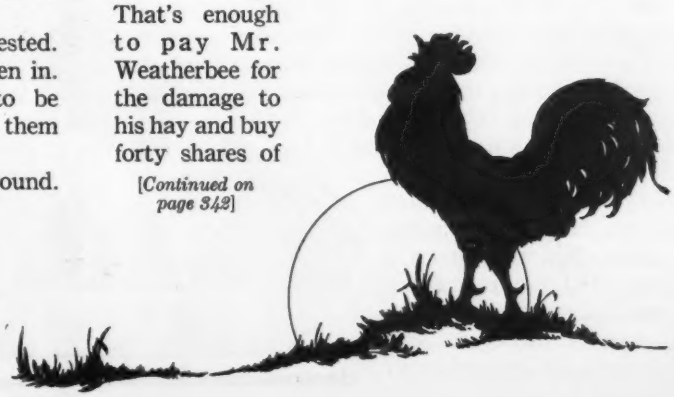
Nick and Andy and Tim with one accord wiped the perspiration from their respective brows and the backs of their necks. The papers had come—Slim had found Senor Massileo in time. It was welcome news. He had done his part. They mustn't let any chances slip from their fingers, at this end. Tim teetered back and forth on his toes. When he could stand it no longer, he slipped into the official group and interrupted.

"Please, sirs, I hope you understand. It was Slim's head that did it, that got that passport through. But we do all want an airport. And some of the people in town must be interested in aviation, the way they've flocked out here. We've taken in four hundred and twenty-five dollars and fifty cents in paid admissions—"

"No!" came the citizens' chorus.

Tim flushed. "Well, it wasn't exactly that. To be exact it was four hundred and twenty-five dollars and sixty-seven cents. Bill must have slipped up once or twice, making change. He did get sort of sleepy. But in round numbers it is four-twenty-five-fifty. That's enough to pay Mr. Weatherbee for the damage to his hay and buy forty shares of

[*Continued on page 342*]



HOW LITTLE DUCK SAW THE WORLD

By MILDRED NEWBOLD GETTY

C·B

"COME here, Little Duck," called his mother. "I want to wash your face."

"Come here, Little Duck," called his aunt. "I want you to find my spectacles."

"I'm tired of being called Little Duck," said Little Duck, digging his toes in the mud. "Can't I be called Big Duck soon?"

His mother answered him as she washed his face. "You can't be called Big Duck until you can say, 'Quack Quack,' and have been out to see the world."

"What does the world look like?" asked Little Duck.

"It's round and has many people in it. There are many kinds of strange looking animals in it, too. You'll see it in good time. Now go and find your aunt's spectacles."

One morning Little Duck woke up early, and—what do you think?—instead of saying, "Peep, peep" to his mother as he always had done before he said, "Quack Quack." It surprised him so he said it over again just to hear himself and to make sure he could do it.

"What's all this racket?" asked his mother. "I want to sleep."

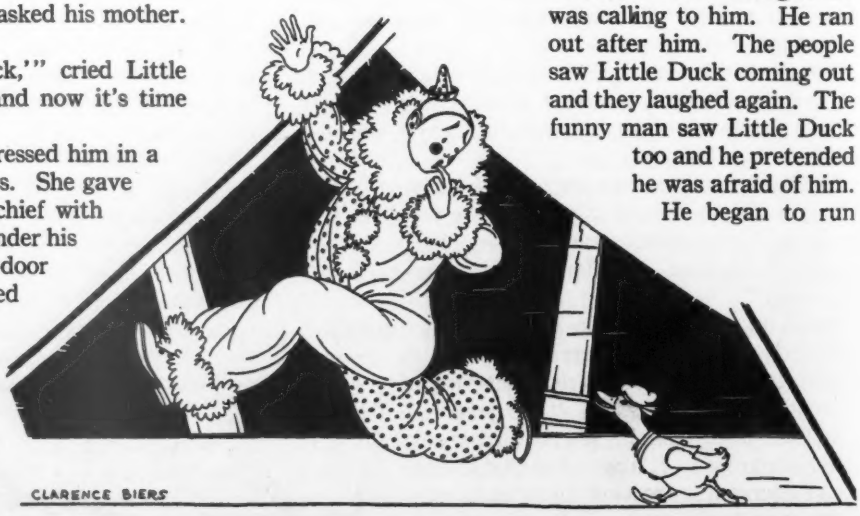
"I can say, 'Quack Quack,'" cried Little Duck very much excited, "and now it's time to go and see the world."

So Little Duck's mother dressed him in a new blue jacket and red shoes. She gave him a clean pocket handkerchief with a checkered border to carry under his wing. She took him to the door of the duck yard and kissed him good-bye.

Little Duck walked and walked. He went through a green field and under a fence. He swam across a brook and passed by houses. He was dreadfully hungry. He found a few little minnows to eat in the brook but they didn't last very long. After a while, when the sun began to get low, he came to a big tent. He crawled underneath it to rest himself, and there he saw a strange sight. There was a great round space with seats all around it. Many people were sitting in the seats. There were animals in the round space—elephants, camels, dogs, and horses. There were lions and tigers, giraffes and zebras. The lions and tigers were in cages. In one cage there were some monkeys, too.

"This must be the world," said Little Duck to himself. "I didn't believe I'd find it so soon."

He walked around and around. He found some strange kind of food on the ground that he liked very much. It was sweet. Some was white and some was pink. He began to think the world a very pleasant place. He saw many men and women dressed in glittering clothes. Some rode on horses, backs, and some climbed high in the air on ropes. He saw a man dressed in a suit of orange and blue. One side was orange and the other side was blue. He was turning somersaults in the ring and making funny faces. His face was very white with two round red spots on his cheeks. Many people were looking at him. He jumped up high in the air and turned another somersault. He made such funny faces everybody laughed. When he turned a somersault he said, "Quack Quack."



CLARENCE BIERS

Little Duck thought he was calling to him. He ran out after him. The people saw Little Duck coming out and they laughed again. The funny man saw Little Duck too and he pretended he was afraid of him. He began to run

and Little Duck ran after him. The faster he ran the faster Little Duck ran to catch up to him. Then the funny man stopped and turned a somersault. Little Duck was so surprised he wasn't looking where he was going and stubbed his toe on a rope. He fell head over heels. The people sitting on the benches laughed harder than ever. The funny man sat on his own heels and made funny faces at Little Duck. Little Duck began to be frightened. He wanted his mother.

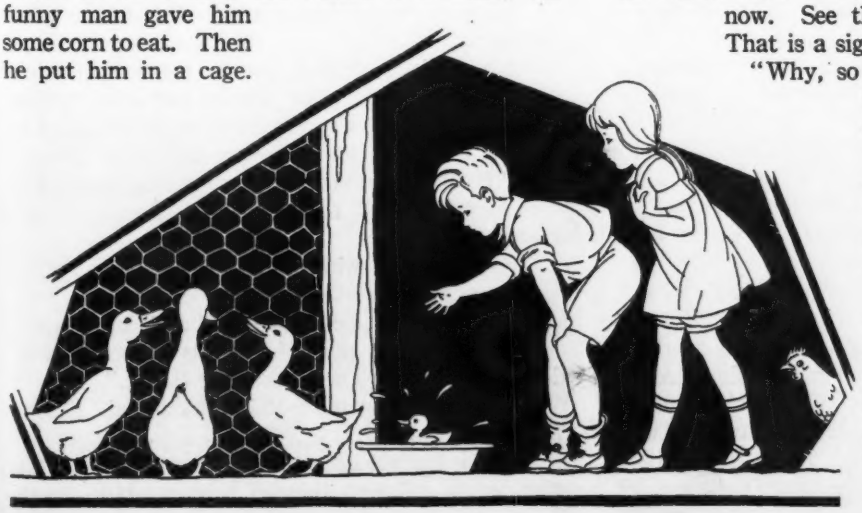
"Quack, quack," he called.

Just then he felt himself lifted high in the air. The rope had gotten twisted around his leg and a man sitting in a swing nearly at the top of the tent, was pulling it up.

Little Duck said, "Quack Quack," louder than ever. He was dreadfully frightened. The people on the seats laughed and clapped their hands. Little Duck wriggled and twisted. He felt the rope around his leg get looser. He spread out his wings and flapped them. He tried to fly away from the rope and at last he got his leg free. He flew down, down. The lights made his eyes blink. He couldn't see. He landed right on the funny man's bald head. Then there was such a laughing and a clapping that Little Duck hid his head under his wing, he was so scared. The funny man put up his hands and caught him. He carried Little Duck under his arm. He bowed and bowed to the people. He took a bright glittering chain from a pretty lady's arm and put it around Little Duck's neck. Then he took him out into the cool, quiet night.

"I'm going to keep you," said the funny man. "You helped me out to-night. I've never heard the people laugh so loud. Here's a drink of water for you."

Little Duck was very thirsty. When he had drunk all he wanted and waded in it some, the funny man gave him some corn to eat. Then he put him in a cage.



"We'll see how well you do to-morrow night," he said, and went away.

Little Duck didn't want to stay in a cage. He wanted to go home and tell his family he had seen the world. He wanted to show the chain around his neck. He wanted dreadfully to have his family call him Big Duck. He picked the door of the cage until he got it open. Very softly he walked out of it. He hid under an old wagon until morning came, then he ran as fast as he could go. He passed by the houses and he swam across the little brook. He crawled under the fence and walked through the green field.

When he reached the duck yard the gate was open. He walked proudly in, holding his head high, so that the chain around his neck would show.

"Come here, Little Duck," called his aunt. "I've lost my spectacles again."

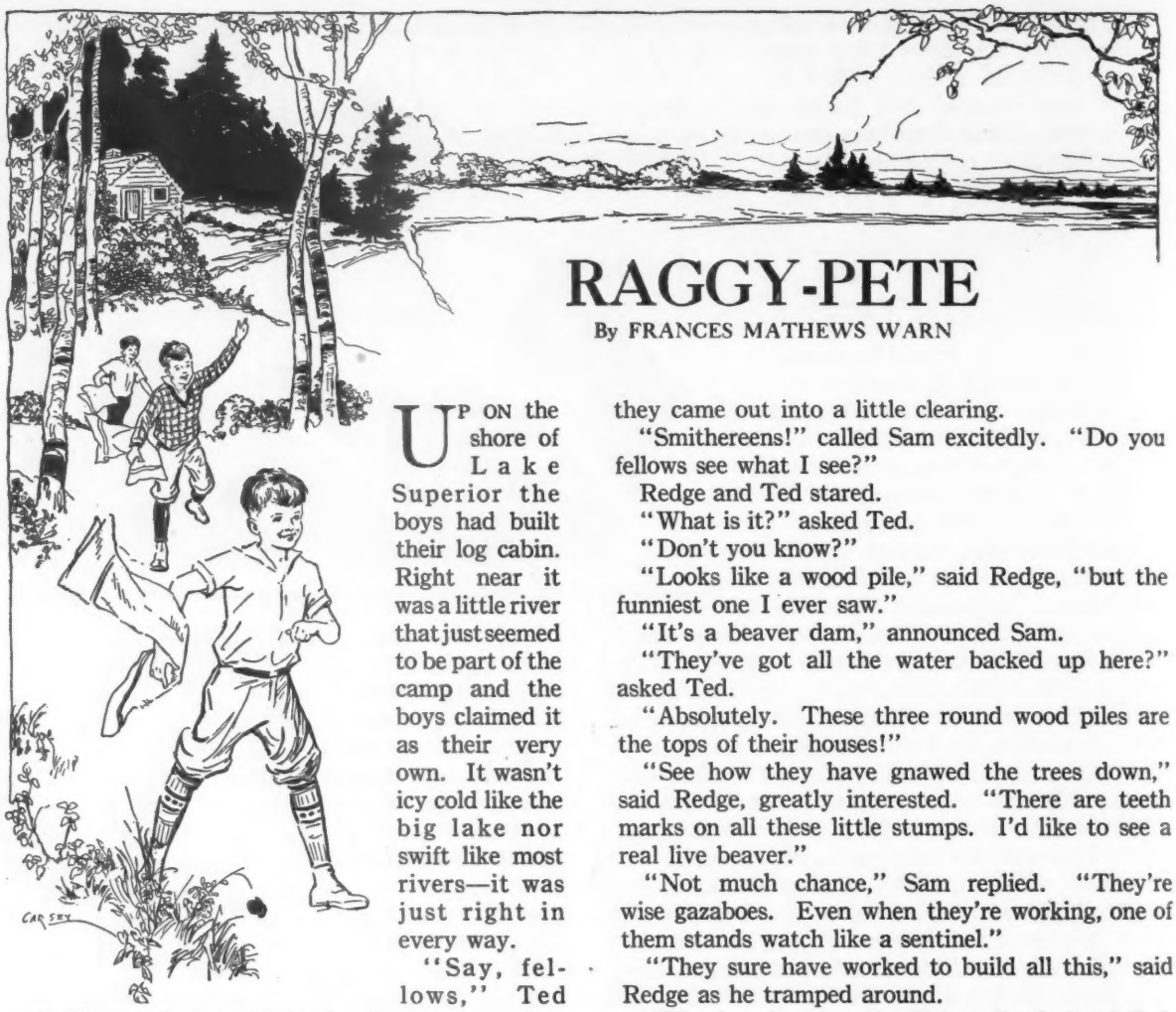
"Quack, quack," said Little Duck proudly, "I'm not Little Duck any more. I've been out to see the world and I can say, 'Quack.' I'm Big Duck now. See the chain around my neck? That is a sign I've traveled."

"Why, so he has a chain around his neck," cried a big father duck in surprise.

"A chain around his neck," cried all the other ducks together. "Tell us where you got it and what the world is like."

So Little Duck, who was now Big Duck, told all the ducks about the strange sights he saw in the world. He told about the giraffes and lions, the monkeys and tigers. He told about the

[*Continued on page 346*]



RAGGY-PETE

By FRANCES MATHEWS WARN

UP ON the shore of Lake Superior the boys had built their log cabin. Right near it was a little river that just seemed to be part of the camp and the boys claimed it as their very own. It wasn't icy cold like the big lake nor swift like most rivers—it was just right in every way.

"Say, fellows," Ted called back as he reached the river bank one morning. "somebody's getting the best of us."

"How come?" puffed Sam, traveling through the sand.

"Take a look at Sylvan River. It's about dry."

"Whew!" whistled Redge. "Where's our swimming hole?" He swung out on the bending limb that hung over the little river and found only a knee-deep wading pool.

Sam measured it with a stick. "Fine chance to swim in that!" he said. "Whatever do you suppose is happening?"

"Something queer about it," said Ted. "There's been plenty of rain. I wonder if that new camp that's gone in way up the river has managed to turn the water into their pond? It would be a mean trick."

"Let's hike up that way and see what's what," Sam proposed.

They followed the old tram road for nearly a mile through a tangled carpet of ground pine, huckleberry bushes and pine needles. With each step they became more and more determined to find out who was taking away their river. Presently as they pushed their way through some young balsam trees they came out into a little clearing.

"Smithereens!" called Sam excitedly. "Do you fellows see what I see?"

Redge and Ted stared.

"What is it?" asked Ted.

"Don't you know?"

"Looks like a wood pile," said Redge, "but the funniest one I ever saw."

"It's a beaver dam," announced Sam.

"They've got all the water backed up here?" asked Ted.

"Absolutely. These three round wood piles are the tops of their houses!"

"See how they have gnawed the trees down," said Redge, greatly interested. "There are teeth marks on all these little stumps. I'd like to see a real live beaver."

"Not much chance," Sam replied. "They're wise gazaboes. Even when they're working, one of them stands watch like a sentinel."

"They sure have worked to build all this," said Redge as he tramped around.

"They're clever as the dickens," admitted Ted, "but I don't like this thing they've done. They're spoiling our perfectly good camp."

Sam chuckled. "Fine chance you have to change their manners."

"Why can't they move over to Deer Creek? It isn't far at all."

"Speak to them about it," persisted Sam good-naturedly.

"No fooling. We've got to get rid of them. They won't work while there's anybody around. What do you say we take turns standing guard up here? They will soon vamose, if we do."

"Who wants to stay up here in the woods with the hoot owls all night?" asked Sam. "That's nonsense."

Ted thought a while. "I have it—let's build a scarecrow!"

"The cleverest idea you ever had," said Sam.

"I've a dandy pair of overalls to contribute," Redge offered. "They'd scare anything."

"I'll donate my plaid shirt," said Ted. "Some spiffy scarecrow he'll be."

So they hurried back to camp for the clothes and then again followed the old tram road up to the

beaver dam. Their arms and pockets were bulging as they trudged along and they chatted merrily about the fun that was in store for the beavers. If their consciences pricked them, they tried to remember what a good joke they were playing.

"He looks like a combination of us all," laughed Ted as they stuffed the arms and legs with ferns and mud.

"Who does the face look like?" grinned Sam, taking a piece of white cloth out of his pocket and marking it with charcoal.

"He has a dandy smile," Ted complimented the artist.

"That's a scowl," corrected Sam gayly.

"He's going to be stylish," laughed Redge. "I brought him a pair of gloves—ventilation in all the fingers."

"Let's call him Raggy-Pete," proposed Sam.

"Aye-aye," agreed the others.

So Raggy-Pete stood on the little knoll with his arms flapping, his pine needle hair stiff and straight, ready to frighten anybody who wanted to be frightened. In the late afternoon the boys, warm, weary and happy, leaned back against a clump of birch trees to rest and admire their finished work. It had become very quiet around through the woods and they began to realize that the sun had dropped down behind Partridge Island Point. Just as they were going to start for camp Ted grabbed Redge and Sam and pulled them back into the trees. No one said a word. A little brown beaver had come out from under the water and was looking all around. The instant he caught sight of Raggy-Pete he ducked back into the river. The boys nudged one another and giggled quietly.

"That scheme is going to work," said Ted. "Now they'll move on and we'll have water in our swimming hole again."

"I'm going to carry an armful of these cuttings over to Deer Creek, so they will know where to go," said Redge, and he dropped the little birch logs here and there along his path as he went.

When he came back the boys had broken an opening in the dam and the water was running through quite rapidly. Feeling very well satisfied they shook hands with Raggy-Pete and then headed for camp, stopping only long enough to pick up wood for their camp fire as they went.

With their morning dip came a big surprise. The swimming hole was no deeper than ever; in fact it did not seem to be as deep.

"I suppose it would take time for the water to come through," said Ted.

"Sounds sensible," Sam answered a bit dubiously. "After breakfast let's hike up there."

Flapjacks and syrup occupied the boys for the next hour. A pancake the size of a frying pan is a treat seldom seen anywhere except in camp and the boys had become experts at flopping them. To be sure, they were of varying shapes and complexions but if one ever had to be thrown away there was always a grateful chipmunk waiting at the door.

"I wonder how Raggy-Pete spent the night," Sam remarked as he flooded his plate with syrup.

"That was the first beaver I had ever seen," said Redge, spreading dots of butter over his pancake. "I liked him."

Ted felt uncomfortable. "You'd think I didn't!" he challenged. "Honestly, I hated to upset their arrangements, but they can just as well go to Deer Creek, now can't they?" Ted wanted support in what they had done, for he really felt sorry for the hard-working beavers.

"They were a long time getting that dam and all those houses built," said Redge thoughtfully. "I wonder if we—"

"Are you going up to apologize?" grinned Sam. "I know how you feel and I have a hunch I sort of dreamed about it last night and I was the villain. But, now, honest, don't you think we are entitled to our swimming hole? We had it first."

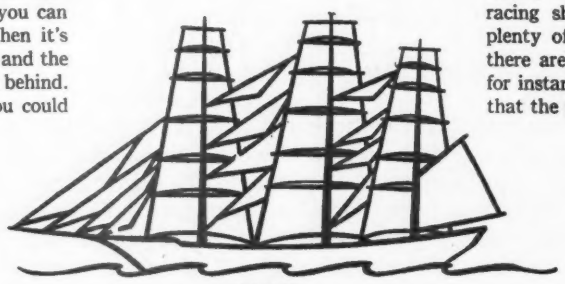
"Yes, we are," said Ted firmly as he scraped the bowl and dropped the remaining batter into the sizzling frying pan. Expertly he did the flopping stunt, and then with another twist landed the last flapjack on Sam's plate.

"Come on, fellows, let's [Continued on page 340]

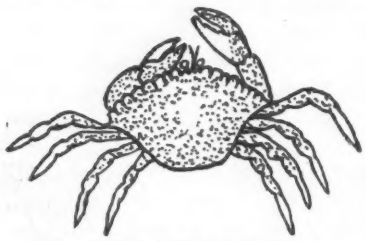
Conducted by SUSAN WILBUR

Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

JULY is a good time to be at the seashore. When the tide is in, you can go wading or swimming. When it's out, you can walk about the beach and the rocks and see what the tide has left behind. There will be more things than you could find in ten toy shops—pools that are little water-gardens, with pink or purple starfish clinging to the sides or moving about as anyone has to move who has five legs to do it with; and wicked-looking crabs lying in wait under the pretty green water bushes. You will find things, too, that the sea has washed up on shore because it is through with them—seaweed like long brown ribbons, or the kind that floats by means of hundreds of little green balloons—which make surprisingly good squirters or water guns, and jellyfish, red or white. Wine and lemon jellyfish we used to call them, all the time thinking that they really wouldn't taste at all that way.



From "The Picture Book of Ships" (Macmillan)



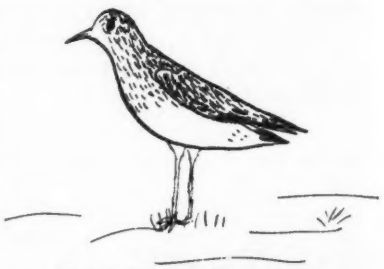
From "Along the Shore" (John Day)

In a small book, just the shape to go into a pocket, and called "Along the Shore" (John Day), Eva L. Butler tells about these and many other sea creatures, and about seaside flowers, and about the little sandpipers that bow and teeter along the sand—yes, and about how to make collections to take home, and how to keep an aquarium.

Then, too, you will have a good time watching the boats. In Maine we have seen everything from a six-masted schooner to the Atlantic liner, George Washington. With some we became well acquainted: with the Boston boat that started out every evening at sunset, and with the lobster man's motor boat chug-chugging of a morning, and sometimes in stormy weather having to make half a dozen tries at one lobster pot. Then maybe, after you have learned to swim, some older boy will take you out sailing in his catboat.

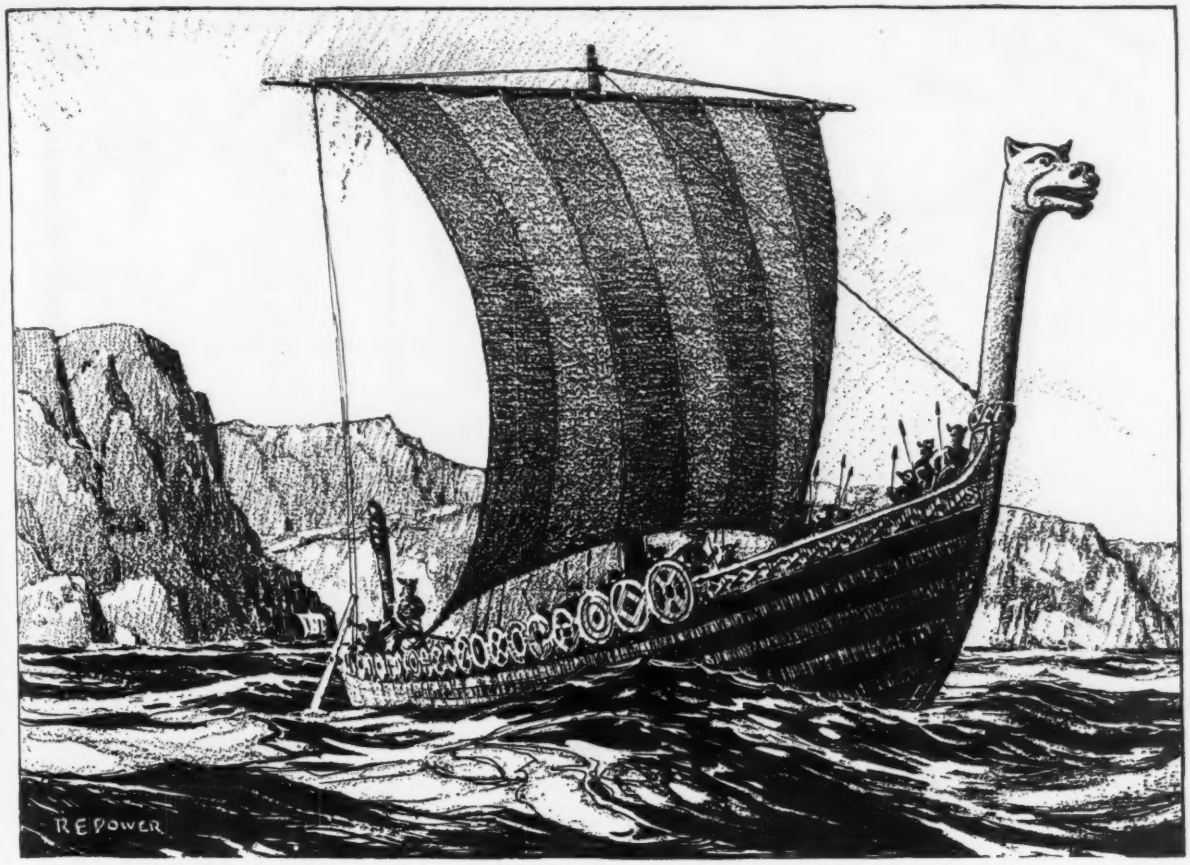
In "The Picture Book of Ships" (Macmillan)—which is the newest book in the same series that gave you the picture book of travel and the picture book of flying—Peter Gimmage tells in words and Helen Craig in pictures about every sort of boat that you are likely to see on river, lake, or ocean, not forgetting even such craft as racing shells or ferry boats. There are plenty of beautiful pictures in color, and there are also little patterns of boats—as, for instance, the one of the full-rigged ship that the publishers are letting us show you on this page.

Then, of course, there are lots of things that you can't see at the seashore. But there's no harm imagining them, such as *The Pirate Twins* (Coward McCann) that William Nicholson tells us Mary found in a seashell one evening when she was walking barefoot on the sands. This is the same Mary that "Clever Bill" belonged to, and it's the same sort of picture book. Mary tried to bring the twins up nicely, but pirate twins aren't easy to bring up. They were always doing unexpected things. They were always getting into the pantry and eating the sort of things that make you uncomfortable if you eat too much of them and they would sit up playing checkers when they ought to be asleep and growing. In the end they ran—or rather took a boat and sailed—away. No, that's not quite the end: they always come back in time for Mary's birthday. [*Continued on page 338*]



From "Along the Shore" (John Day)

From "Good Games" (Rand McNally & Co.)



SAILING SHIPS

I. A VIKING SHIP

By RALPH E. POWER

THE ships of the Vikings, pointed at both ends, and, from sixty to eighty feet long, were of most graceful, sweeping lines which rose at bow and stern, making them easy riding and seaworthy. But as to comfort, there was little. Open to the weather as they were, only the strongest and bravest men could stand the hardships of sailing them. Wooden shields were fastened along the sides as protection against enemy arrows, and these also were some protection against waves that might otherwise come over the sides. At night they stretched tents, under which they huddled, but there were no cabins or other shelter. They had but one sail that was fastened to a yard-arm near the top of the mast and was used when the wind came from an angle behind them, so they would be blown along. At other times when the wind came from in front, the crew lowered the mast and sail and got out their long oars. From thirty-two to forty oars, each in the hands of a powerful Viking, sent the ship flying over the waves. The steering was done with the long blade-like rudder you see dragging in the water near the stern.

Up and down the coasts of Europe and the British Isles, the Vikings swept to trade or make war. They cruised west to Iceland and Greenland, and even reached the shores of our continent long before Columbus made his voyage of discovery.

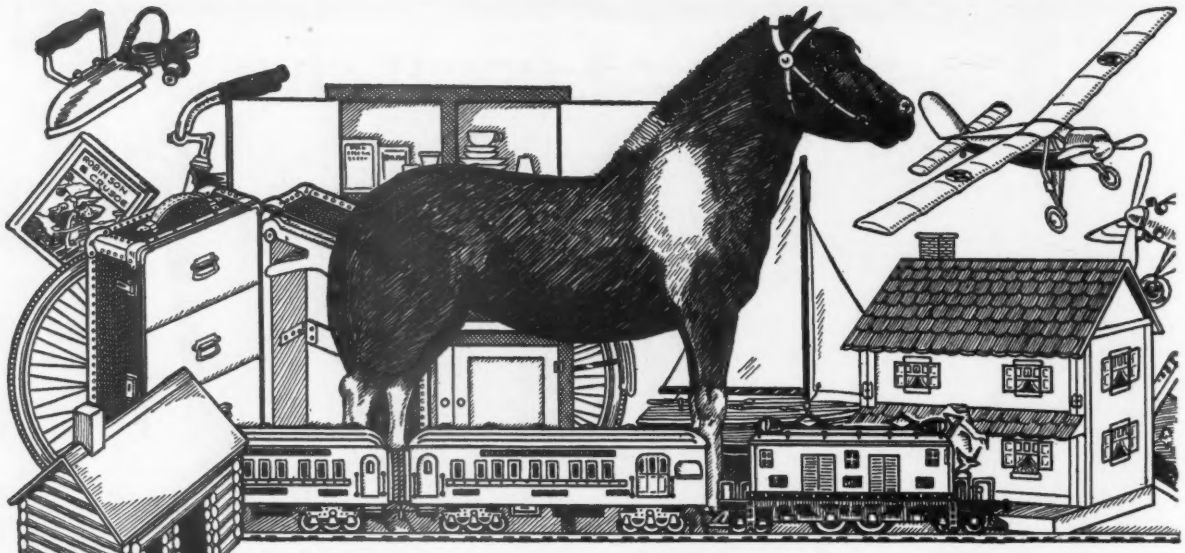
Leif Ericsson, son of Eric the Red, landed along the coast in 999 A.D. and from the records it would seem that it was a part of lower Nova Scotia. In the Saga of Eric the Red this land is called Vinland. The discovery was apparently accidental as Leif was on a voyage from Norway to Greenland but was driven far south of his course by contrary winds. Such a perilous adventure as this must have been, helps us to realize what gallant men these were who now stand out so vividly in history.

These ships of the Viking kings and barons were beautiful sights sailing in company. Their sails were usually striped, and symbolic designs were worked in other colors on them. There were heads of birds or animals carved at the top end of the high bow and studded with gold. At the stern would be a tail to go with the head at the bow.

Vari-colored hulls and side-shields, shining helmets and arm bands of the great blonde Viking sailors completed the barbaric display. All set off by the cold, steel blue of the waves with their white, curving crests, these stout-hearted ships and men have come down to us in history and the sagas and songs of the Norsemen to compel our admiration.

Even now the Viking ships are to be seen on the northern waters, but to-day they are used as pleasure craft.

(The next ship in this series will be the Venetian Galley.)



HERE ARE 150 PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—A REAL LIVE SHETLAND PONY

For the Best Answer From a Boy or Girl

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Girls Will be Awarded in the Following Order

A $75 Add-a-pearl Necklace consisting of 27 genuine oriental pearls.
Iver Johnson Girls' Roadster Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
A Schoenhut Furnished 4-room Doll House.
Eastman Folding Kodak No. 1A, series II.
Doll's Wardrobe Trunk.
Empire Electric Stove and Oven with Utensils.
Playroom Kitchen Cabinet.
Lincoln Marionette Show with 3 marionettes and material for 3 more.
Singer Sewing Machine for making doll clothes.

Prizes for the Next Best Answers from Boys Will be Awarded in the Following Order

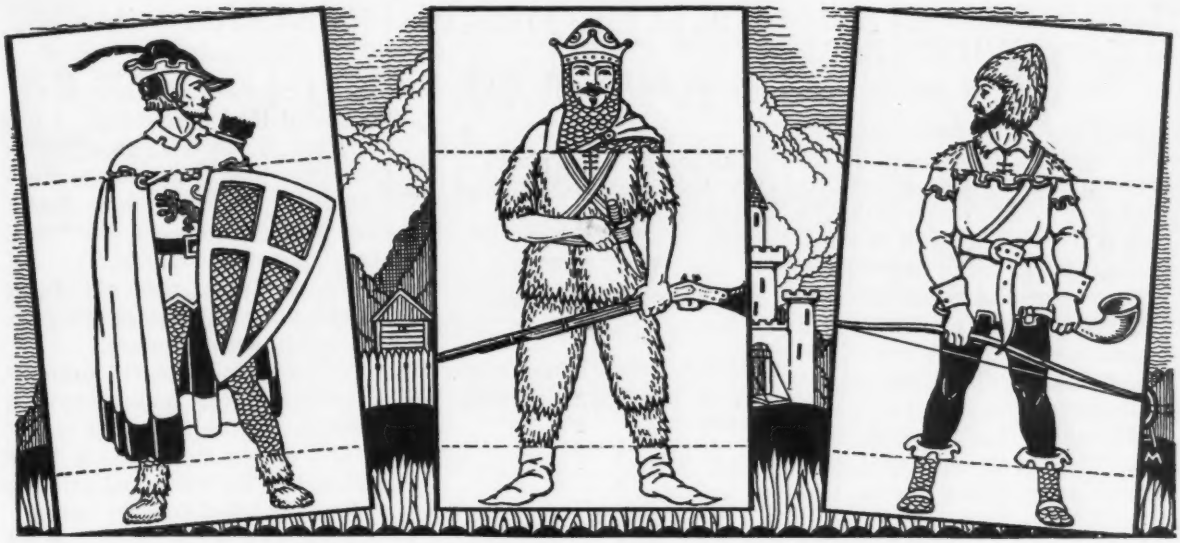
American Flyer's President's Special electric train set and transformer.
Iver Johnson Super Mobike Bicycle with New Departure Coaster Brake.
Meccano Set No. 40 with motor.
Silver Ace Flying Model of Curtis Robin Plane.
Weeden Electrically Heated Steam Engine.
Chest of 14 Stanley Tools.
30 inch Schoenhut Sail Boat "Saturne."
Silver Ace Flying Model Pursuit Plane.
Knapp Master Magic Set No. 3.

And The Following Prizes For Either Boys or Girls

20th and 21st Prizes—Each a Merri-O-Galloper.
22nd to 25th Prizes—Each a pair of Nestor Johnson Jr. Ice Skates with shoes.
26th to 35th Prizes—Each a Scott's Modern Stamp Album and 2000 stamps.
36th Prize—A Kingsbury Golden Arrow Racer.
37th to 45th Prizes—Each a pair of Chicago Rubber Tire Roller Skates.
46th to 55th Prizes—Each a Knapp Electric Questioner.
56th to 65th Prizes—Each a Triple Set of Lincoln Logs.
66th to 75th Prizes—Each a Pair of Kangaroo Springshus.
76th to 80th Prizes—Each a Falcon Playtown Set.
81st to 100th Prizes—Each a Kokomo Electric Flat Iron if a girl or a Structo Giant Steam Shovel if a boy.
101st to 125th Prizes—Each a copy of "Heidi" if a girl or "King Arthur" if a boy.
126th to 150th Prizes—Each a copy of the "Child Life Cook Book" if a girl or "Making Things with Tools" if a boy.

A Surprise Package For Every One

Besides all these 150 prizes Child Life will send to every boy or girl who sends in a complete entry a surprise package.



IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO WIN A PRIZE

Make pictures out of these puzzles now!

ANY boy or girl, whether a subscriber to Child Life or not, who will not reach his or her thirteenth birthday by September 5th, 1930, may enter this contest, except children of Rand McNally & Company employees.

Cut out the three pictures at the top of the page and cut them apart along the dotted lines. Paste them together to make three complete pictures so that each one will look like some one of the small pictures on this page. Put the right name on each large picture, such as "Robin Hood," etc.

Save these three pictures and keep them with the three pictures that were in the May Child Life and the three that were in the June Child Life.

If you do not have the pictures from the May and June issues, write the "Prize Editor, % Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago," to send you copies of these puzzle pictures free. Then you will have everything from the start of the contest and will have as good a chance as anyone to win one of the 150 prizes and earn a surprise package.

When the August issue of Child Life is out, July 25th, do the same thing with the three puzzles you will find in there. Then write a short letter telling what hero or heroine you like best in any book. The character need not be one whose picture is in the contest.

Send the four sets of these pictures together with the letter to Prize Editor, % Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, to arrive before midnight September 5th, 1930. Be sure your age, name and address are with the pictures.

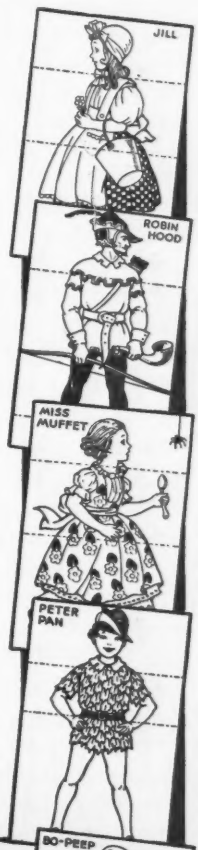
To every boy or girl, who has not reached his or her thirteenth birthday, from whom we receive a complete entry (the 12 pictures and the letter), Child Life will send a surprise package. Your entry may also win one of the 150 Grand Prizes listed on the opposite page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Originality in the letter will count. The judges will be appointed by Child Life. Their decision will be final. The list of prize winners will be announced in the November, 1930, Child Life.

No pictures or letters will be returned. Rand McNally & Company shall have the right to publish in any form any of the entries either in whole or in part at any time it shall desire to do so.

You need not purchase Child Life or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures at the top of this page and assemble the pictures from these copies. Child Life may be examined free of charge at any office of Rand McNally & Company or at public libraries.

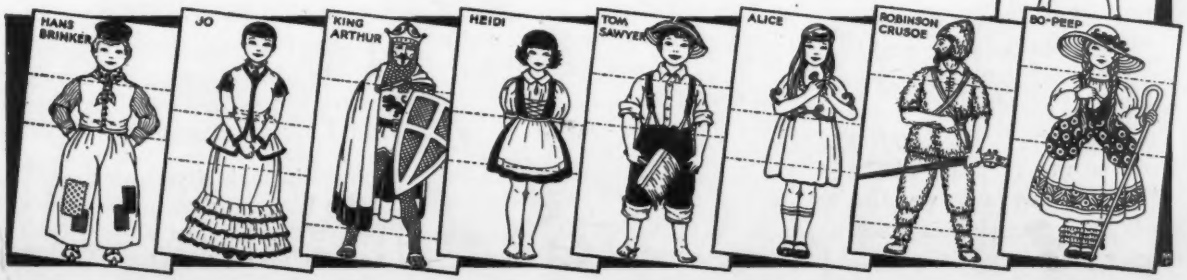
THERE IS NOTHING TO SELL



REMEMBER

The four sets (12 pictures) with your letter must arrive together before midnight September 5, 1930, to earn a surprise package and to be entered for one of the Grand Prizes. Be sure your name, address, and age are with the pictures.

If you missed the pictures in the May and June copies of Child Life, you can still enter the contest by writing the Prize Editor, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago for FREE sets of them



THE SECRET OF THE WILD CHERRY TREE

[Continued from page 313]

pleased tone. "It has colored pictures of all of the birds with their names and descriptions underneath. I tell you what! We can take the book and the glasses with us whenever we come in the bayou; and you can show me all of the good bird places, and we can learn all about all of the birds!"

"Oh, that will be too nice!" cried Jinny.

"Sh—sssh!" Judith grabbed her arm. "I hear the others coming! It would never do for them to find us here! It would spoil everything!"

The voices were coming closer. It was lunch time and the Silver Stars were hunting for Judith. They went straight by the secret dell, calling loudly for her and never dreaming how close she was to them, sitting snugly with Jinny under the wild cherry tree!

When their voices had died away, Judith got up.

"I'll have to go now and join them because they are waiting lunch for me," she said. "But I'll tell them I'd rather belong to your secret society now and I'll be back as soon as I can slip away! And I'll bring you and the Tree Dwellers some of the lunch. Please wait for me!"

"All right, we'll be here," said Jinny nodding, as she watched Judith disappear through the bushes. She was alone once more, but she was not a bit lonesome. She stood looking around at the dell and the Tree Dwellers, and she smiled and smiled at them all. She couldn't stop smiling.

"I knew Judith would like our society! I told you she would!" Her voice quivered with pride. "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Cheep, cheep; yes, yes!" said the sparrows, pecking busily in the grass.

Mr. Blackbird looked up from an acorn he was cracking.

"Squeak-caw-caw, we thought so-r!" he agreed in his voice like a rusty hinge.

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw a half a plate,
One line curved and one line straight;

Now a stick that eans just so,
Like a pole that's tipped, you know;

Then a line that's curved—not straight—
Touching both the pole and plate.

Draw this line. Like letter C,
Lying down, it seems to be.

Circles, each one like a ball,
Not too large and not too small.

Dots, one long, long line, and so—
We've a carriage for Baby Joe!

PATRIOTS' PARK

[Continued from page 316]

then I ran and told them to look out what they were doing. I told Judge Pennington all about it. It was that man owns all the silver foxes that started my fire. Probably he started this one too. He'd been up here—he said so."

Up the path rode old Judge Pennington on his new saddle horse. He looked hot and cross.

"Now we're in for it!" muttered Charlie Towne, and glared at George.

The Judge stopped his horse beside the fire chief and the two held a low-toned conversation.

"Oh, I understand you don't positively know he set this fire," commented the Judge at last aloud. "But what Alicia Mary saw is enough for me. That silver-fox fellow shall never own my hill." Then he looked over at the volunteer firemen. "Boys," he said, "I guess there isn't a thing for me to do now but give you your park."

George Jones scrambled to his feet. "Oh, yes, there is, Judge!" he began eagerly. "We didn't do it for that. Any fellow that wouldn't fight a woods fire wouldn't be much of a patriot, and this is a patriots' picnic."

"I see," said the Judge gravely. "How'd you like to call this hill Patriots' Park?"

"Great!" yelled the boys.

"And I'll put one boy on the park commission," went on the Judge. He chose the boy he knew best. "You, Charlie Towne."

"No, sir," spoke up Charlie, blushing very hard. "Please appoint George Washington Jones. He's the best patriot in this crowd."

DISTRESS

MILDRED BOWERS

I HAVE to rake the leaves,
And burn them in the alley.
I have to wash my face
And I mustn't dilly-dally.

I mustn't jingle silverware
When I wipe it dry.
I mayn't go barefoot
And *I'm too old to cry!*

FROSTY DRINKS FOR SUMMER DAYS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

WHAT tastes the best of anything you can make on a hot summer day? No trouble to answer that question, is it? For we know in a second we are going to say, "A good cold drink served in a frosty glass!"

There are many points about making a tasty beverage that are worth our while thinking about before we begin making any particular recipe—for instance, ice. Those of us who still use ice in our ice boxes can chop off a good sized hunk, wash it, put it into a small bag or cloth and pound it into small pieces, but not too small.

Now that mechanical refrigeration is becoming more and more common, many of us are using the little cubes of ice that are made in the trays of our electric or gas ice boxes. But we must be sure that the trays are spotlessly clean and are filled with fresh water ahead of time for serving, so there will be plenty of cubes.

If you are serving a drink at a party and want to have it very dressy, make the ice of well diluted grape juice or of tea, or of water tinted with a vegetable dye. Cubes of ice made from grape juice are delicious in lemonade and frozen tea is good in lemonade, limeade or orange punch. Of course as the ice melts, the flavor gets into the punch so the taste as well as the color is modified by your decoration. Water tinted a dainty green with a tasteless vegetable coloring makes beautiful cubes of ice and adds to the cool effect of a glass of fruit punch that is trimmed with mint leaves. If you use tinted ice, make sure that the punch you serve is well chilled before you add the ice cubes. Then they will melt more slowly than otherwise and will keep the pretty color effect until the last drop.

Sugar syrup blends better with the punch than does plain uncooked sugar, so we always make a syrup in time to cool it well before using. In fact, in this mid-summer season, we plan to keep on hand, all of the time, a jar of sugar syrup ready for use. It does not spoil and can be put in a back corner of the ice box, out of the way, yet chilled and ready for use whenever we are thirsty. Never make a summer beverage very sweet. Sugar manufactures heat in our bodies and, much as we may like the taste of a sweet drink while we are drinking it, we pay up by getting hotter just that much more quickly, once it is down. So learn to make and to enjoy drinks that are not sweet—but are merely sweetened.

RECIPE FOR SUGAR SYRUP

Put into a saucepan 1 cupful of sugar.

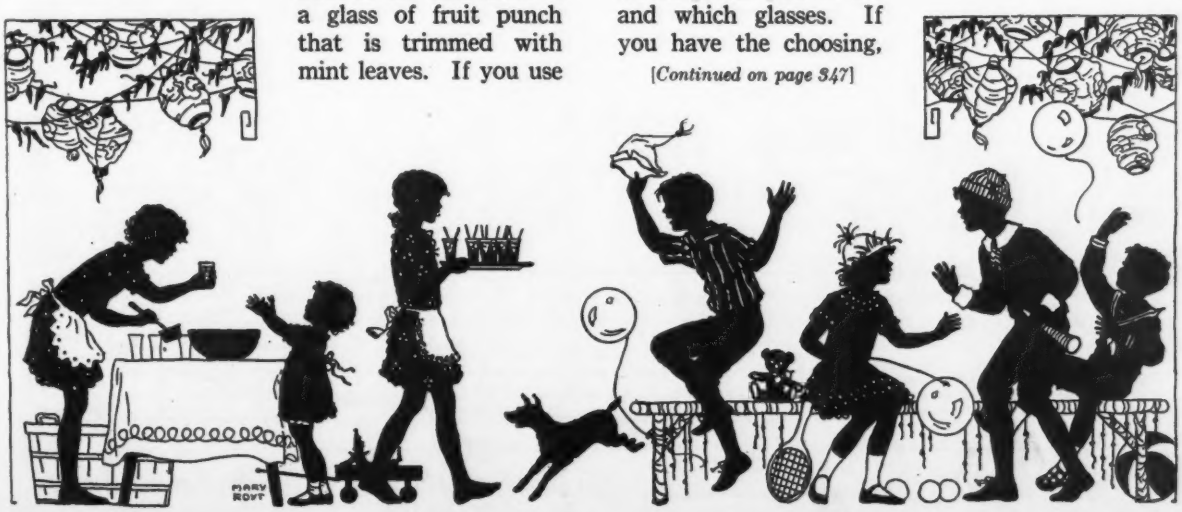
Add 1 cupful of water and tip the pan from side to side until the sugar is completely dissolved.

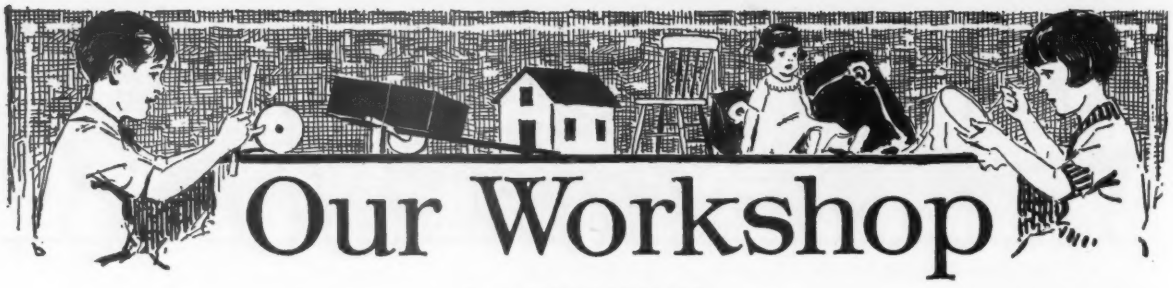
Bring to a boil and boil for 5 minutes.

Cool and pour into a jar that can be tightly covered.

One more point we want to think about before we begin our beverage-making and that is the serving. Half the fun of drinking a cool drink comes from the way it is given to you. Ask Mother which tray she would prefer you to use and which glasses. If you have the choosing,

[Continued on page 347]





Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Big Book of Boys' Hobbies*," "*Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys*," etc.

A MODEL DIRIGIBLE FOR YOUR BACKYARD AIRWAYS

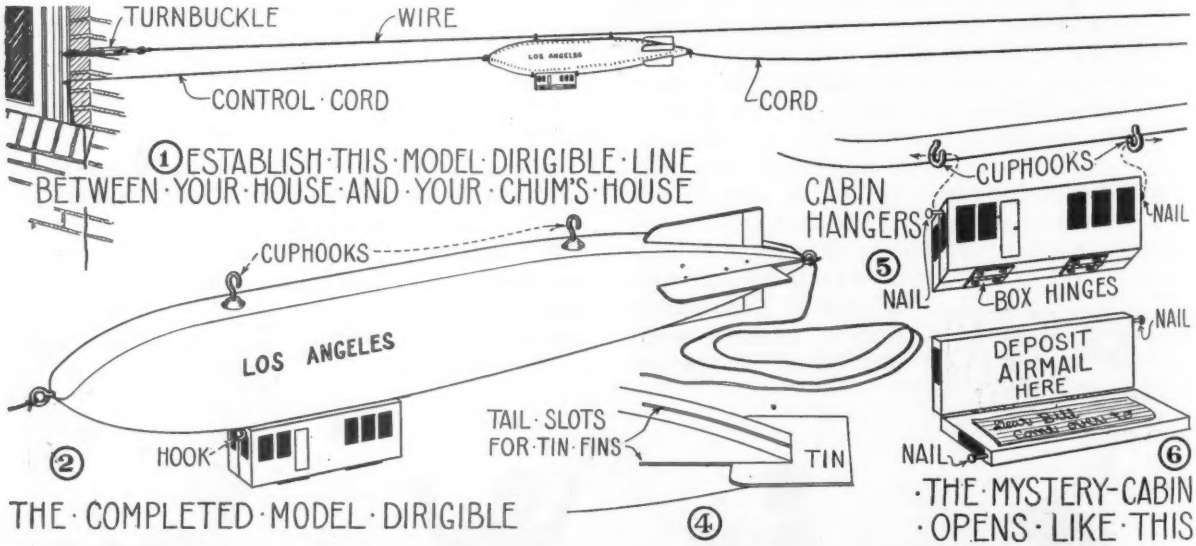
LAST summer I gave you ideas for a model airport. If you didn't build it, look up the August, 1929, number of CHILD LIFE, and get to work on a model now. You will find it lots of fun to build one. Add to it the toy hangar with spring for launching toy airplanes, described upon our November, 1929, page. Make parachutes like that upon our September, 1929, page. And build the model dirigible line shown upon this page. Then watch out for more ideas next month.

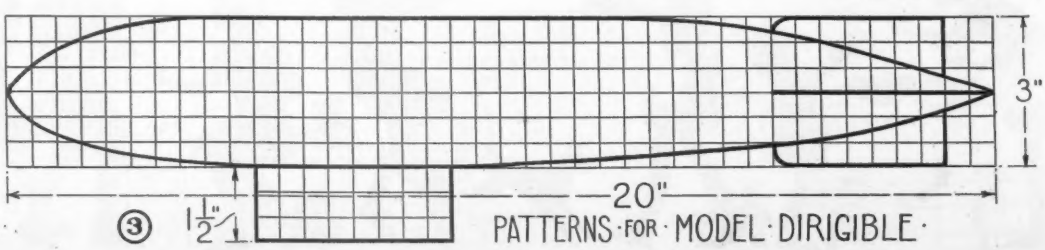
If you are lucky enough to have a chum who lives near-by, you can establish the dirigible airway between his house and yours. There must be a cable of galvanized wire or aerial wire, for the dirigible to run upon. Attach the wire ends to screw eyes screwed into the window frames, and set in a turn-buckle, as shown in Figure 1, by which to take up the slack after you have stretched the wire as tight as you can by hand. There must be two control cords. Tie these to screw eyes in the ends of the dirigible, and run one to your house and the other to your chum's house.

By having the dirigible fixed to run from one house to the other, you can use it to transport "airmail." If you cannot carry out this plan, fasten one cable end to your house or porch, the other end to a post beyond your model landing field, at a point low enough so that the dirigible can make a landing. With the cable set at a steep enough incline, the model will run by gravity, and control cords are not necessary.

The model dirigible is simple to make. It is what we call a profile model, because, while it has correct form, looking at it from the sides, its cross-section is not balloon-shaped but is flat (Figure 2).

Figure 3 shows patterns for the dirigible, cabin and fins. The lines which form the small squares have been drawn ½ inch apart, so, if you will draw





an equal number of horizontal lines and vertical lines, ½ inch apart, you will have a large set of squares upon which you can draw the outlines, as they are shown upon the patterns. But if you can make a good free-hand sketch of the dirigible, it will not be necessary to follow the patterns exactly.

Make the dirigible of a piece of ¾-inch wood, the cabin of two thicknesses of ⅜-inch wood, and the fins of tin from a can. Saw out the dirigible, round off its edges with a plane or file, and smooth all surfaces with sandpaper. Saw two slots in the tail, in which to fasten the tin fins—rudder, stabilizer and elevator (Figure 4). Cut the fins with tinsnips, or have a tinner cut them. Fasten the fins in the slots with nails.

Screw a pair of cuphooks into the top edge of the dirigible for hangers (Figure 2). Screw a screw eye into each end, for the control cords.

Join the cabin blocks with a pair of small box hinges. Screw the hinges to the lower edges as shown in Figure 5. Drive a nail into one end of each block (opposite ends), as shown in Figure 6, and screw a pair of cuphooks into the under edge of the dirigible in the right positions for the cabin hangar nails to slip into (Figure 5). The hinged cabin forms a container for airmail.

To complete the model dirigible, paint all parts with two coats of aluminum radiator paint. Then mark off a door and windows upon the cabin, scratch off the paint within the outlines, and fill in the window spaces with black paint. Letter the ship's name upon the sides with black paint.

LAKES

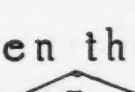
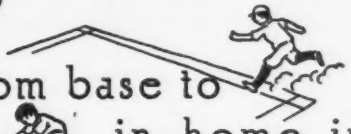
AILEEN L. FISHER

LAKES are fat
And rivers are thin,

Lakes are slow
And never begin.

Rivers run by
In *such* a hurry,

But lakes just smile
And never worry.

When the  sails 'cross the
And you race from base to  :
When you in home in a cloud of dust
And the calls you "Safe".
How glad you are that your are strong—
So sturdy and so fleet:
And that you drank your , and
Ate the foods your coach said you should eat.
"Wheatena every day," he said,
Because all coaches know
It's packed so full of good things
that make you children grow.
Wheatena is the -browned cereal—made from the finest wheat
Its taste is just like toasted
and every —a treat.
Eat Wheatena every day—
as all wise coaches say—
if you would be a winner in all the games you play.

3 servings FREE

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—WHEATENA—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

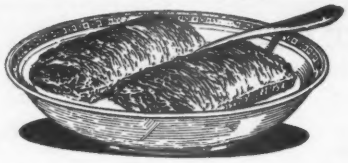
Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name.....

Address..... CL-7-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.



It's good for you *and* you'll like it *too!*

There are lots and lots of things that are good for you . . . and then there are lots and lots of other things that you like . . . but it isn't often that you like what's good for you now, is it?

Shredded Wheat is different. Doctor knows that these crisp crunchy biscuits give you just what you need in order to grow up big and strong. Yes, it's good for you, but you're sure to like it. Just try one bowlful with plenty of good rich milk, you'll think it's the best tasting breakfast you ever had.

SHREDDED WHEAT

For Your Protection

This is the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1930 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

THE HOUSE IN HIDDEN LANE

[*Continued from page 320*]

she could fathom.

Bettina, prowling with her own tiny electric torch down into the cellar, discovered the opening to a curious passageway behind the foundation of the big chimney, and received the scare of her eight years when a little mouse darted out of it and scurried away into the darkness. After that nothing would have induced her to explore it. She decided to keep the discovery for her own secret till she could get up courage to investigate.

The twins had located a marvelous attic, extending the entire length and breadth of the house over the second story, with fascinating nooks, crannies, boxes, old chests and trunks in dim corners, and decided to use the place for an elaborate doll-town scheme of their own, to which they might or might not later admit Bettina. As she was younger they had not admitted her to their confidence.

But it was Junior who really made the most disturbing discovery of all. He had gone out to the wood pile after dark to bring in another armful of sticks for the living-room open fire. Just as he raised up after stooping for the last one, he saw a dim black shape of something or some one slip from around the side of the house and into Hidden Lane. Dropping his wood, Junior pursued it down the lane for several yards, but the figure slipped on noiselessly ahead and suddenly turned and disappeared through a break in the side hedge into a dense old apple orchard.

It seemed worse than useless to pursue it any farther in the dark, so Junior gave it up and returned to his wood. But being a thoughtful boy of twelve, and not wishing to alarm his mother, he said nothing about his adventure when he went indoors. But he watched nearly half the night from the window of the room he shared with "Lucky," as it overlooked the lane and orchard, for the dark figure that had so disturbed him. But as far as he knew the figure did not return that night.

(*To be continued*)

FAIRY SHOPPING

ELEANOR HAMMOND

WHEN fairy ladies a-shopping go
Do they sit on mushroom stools
In front of counters of laurel leaf
Near mirrors of dewdrop pools?

Do they buy lace leaf for their Summer frocks
And take a long time to choose
Among the blue-bell and fox-glove hats
And the little brown acorn shoes?

A SPELLING BEE PUZZLE

By HELEN JELLIFFE BOWEN

WHAT animal, if turned about,
Would be a sailor bold?
What dreadful thing, were it reversed,
Would be uncooked or cold?

What place where coal is kept, transposed,
Becomes a birdling's beak?
What cooking vessel, backwards read,
Becomes a toy unique?

And now, this one will make you laugh,
Your face just won't stay straight-o;
What little girl, her name turned round,
Would be a sweet potato?

(Answers on Page 348)

Drinking milk was a nightmare to Mary

—until I found a way to make her love it!

"NO ONE KNEW better than I how much Mary needed milk. My heart ached to see how thin she was. And she always looked so pale.

"But Mary wouldn't drink milk. It was like a nightmare to her. I spent every meal-time trying to get her to take it. But she'd fuss until I gave up in despair.

"Now I mix Cocomalt with Mary's milk . . . and she loves it! She drinks four glasses a day, and asks for *more*. Her color is much healthier now—and she has filled out wonderfully."

Contains Vitamin D

Not only does Cocomalt make milk tempting—it adds 70% more nourishment as well. Each glass of Cocomalt your child drinks is equal to nearly *two* glasses of plain milk. And most important of all, Cocomalt contains the indispensable Vitamin D.

Physicians recommend summer sunshine for growing children—because it produces Vitamin D, that potent element which helps to prevent rickets and to build strong bones and teeth.

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—and also supplies *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Furthermore, Cocomalt contains malt enzymes which help digest other foods.

Free trial—send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form all ready to mix with milk, hot or cold. Three sizes—½ lb., 30c;—1 lb., 50c and the economical 5 lb. family size. Use the coupon below for a generous trial tin, free.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 97, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me, free of charge, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD WITH CERESOTA

With the Rubber Hunters

THE Chief of the Rubber Hunters was glad to see Ceresota and gave him a pair of magic boots—the ones you see him wearing on the sack of Ceresota Flour, the Prize Bread Flour of the World. The Rubber Hunter's wife was a real witch and—But you must read this story yourself in a pretty book with lots of colored pictures, that takes you all around the world with Ceresota, the flour boy. And it shows you how to paint such pictures your very own self with a set of real water colors that comes with it. Send for them today.

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" (48 pages, 12 colored pictures, 12 painting charts) and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name.....CL 7

Town.....

R. F. D.....State.....

Ceresota Flour

A Summer of Delightful Reading

for $1.00

Three fine story books are yours **for less than the price of one.**

The chance of a lifetime! Here are many happy, profitable hours of reading for your boy or girl. We will send you, postpaid, any three of these beautifully illustrated books for $1.00. They are regular full-sized, cloth bound Rand McNally books, recently printed to sell at $1.50 and $1.25 each.

We must clear out our stock room to make space for our fall printings. A few hundred of the four books illustrated here are left. They must be disposed of at once. So long as the stock lasts you can have any three of them for less than cost.

Just fill out the coupon below, pin a dollar bill to it and mail to us today. You'll be immensely surprised and pleased with your bargain.

ANT VENTURES—A fascinating story of Anthony Ant's thrilling adventures, delightfully illustrated with colored lithographs and black and white drawings by Harrison Cady.

PETER AND PRUE—Lost in the sky were these two little friends, and a trip to the moon is only one of the exciting things that happened to them.

JEAN'S WINTER WITH THE WARNERS—The story of a happy winter spent with a jolly New England family, with all the joys of snow, ponies, and an old fashioned Christmas.

THE GANG GOES TO MILL—A spirited adventure and treasure story of the present, where five boys are the heroes.

-Pin your dollar bill to this coupon-

RAND McNALLY & CO., Dept. M7C
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me postpaid the three books I have checked. A dollar is enclosed.

☐ Ant Ventures ☐ Jean's Winter with the Warners
☐ Peter and Prue ☐ The Gang Goes to Mill

Name.....

Street & Number.....

City & State.....

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[*Continued from page 328*]

SOME OTHER OUT-OF-DOOR BOOKS

THE ADVENTURES of MARIO by Waldemar Bonsels. Translated by Whittaker Chambers.....$3.00
(Albert and Charles Boni)

This is a fairy tale about a boy who lost one mother, found another, and in between lived with an old woman in a funny old house in the deep woods. It is also a book which asks you to think a little about wild animals as friends, wild animals as enemies, and again as things to be caught and eaten. But chiefly it is a nature story, telling how Mario made the acquaintance of plants, birds, snakes, foxes, deer, martens, wild boars, and learned their ways, and how he found birds' eggs and mushrooms and blueberries. It is a book which tells you a great deal, and which combines with exciting incidents a feeling of the peace of the forest: its changing moods of night and day, and of the round year from spring to winter and back to spring again.

UNDER THE PIG-NUT TREE, by Berta and Elmer Hader.....$1.25
(Knopf)

This book, which is mostly pictures, tells how a little elf sitting in a pig-nut tree wanted to have an adventure, and how a big green grasshopper invited him to ride down to the river which he could just barely see through the willow branches. At the river he met a kingfisher, and sat on his back while he dived for minnows and while he took them to his six baby kingfishers. A beetle, a spider, a squirrel and lots of flowers come into the story, too. This is a spring book and there are to be three others for the other seasons.

THINGS TO DO

GOOD GAMES, by Jean Hosford Fretwell. With an Introduction by Jesse F. Williams. Illustrated by Keith Ward. $2.00
(Rand McNally)

The trouble with so many good games is that you really need to have a grown person about as umpire, and the trouble with many others is that you get so excited about winning that you can't really enjoy the playing. But these "Good Games" are all games that you can play quite well by yourselves, and where the fun is in the playing. They are games for any number of players, from one, if you happen to be alone, to a dozen or more, and for all sorts of occasions, from train and motor rides, when they are too long to just look out the window, to new and different sorts of tag that you can play on streets and sidewalks, and from country games to city backyard games: tennis and golf cut in half or even to a good deal less than that. There are also up and downstairs games for rainy days, party games and magic tricks, and picnic games. Practically all the games are new, but with the help of lively stick pictures, like the one on page

328, you will have no trouble finding out just how to play them.

JANE-LOUISE'S COOK BOOK: A COOK BOOK FOR CHILDREN, by Louise Price Bell.
(Coward-McCann)

Many children think that there are two different kinds of food: the things that they like and the things that are good for them. The recipes in this book are both kinds at once. And by beginning with cookies, cakes, candies, desserts, and drinks, it has you so interested by the time you get to eggs, prunes, and spinach that you can't stop. The recipes themselves are great fun. They are kept as easy as they can be and still taste good, and they are printed in such a way that you almost don't have to be able to read in order to make them. If an apple is needed, its picture is there; if two cups of milk, there are the two cups and the milk bottle. In telling you how many minutes to cook a thing, the recipe shows just how far the long hand and the short hand of the clock ought to go.

IN TOYLAND

ERNEST THE POLICEMAN. Written and illustrated by S. G. Hulme Beaman.....$2.00
(Oxford University Press)

It is in Toytown that Ernest the Policeman lives. There is a theater, but it is a marionette theater. And there is a train to take you to the next town, but it is a wind-up-train, and when the inventor first invented it, not even the engineer could stop it until it ran down—which was usually neither at Toytown nor yet at the other town but somewhere in between. All the people have solid, standing-still looking feet, but a great many exciting things happen to them. And Ernest the Policeman is always on hand, whether it's the time the town magician turns the mayor into a pig, or the time the pirates steal a ship and go hunting for treasure, or the time the highwayman tries to hold up the coach, or even the time when all the bad animals in town paint stripes on themselves to look like zebras. And he keeps you laughing.

JUMPING JERUSHA, by Pearle M. Boyd. Graphics by Ouillarde.....$1.60
(Holt)

Here Toyland is in the nursery. The toy animals are able to give parties, go out to the kitchen and make gingerbread, and do all sorts of other things by themselves when nobody is looking—or even when certain people are looking. Jumping Jerusha is the cow. It is too bad she didn't have Jane-Louise's cook book. She could not read very well, and when they made gingerbread she had the animals put in cupfuls of cinnamon and baking powder instead of teaspoonfuls.

THE LITTLE TOY AIRPLANE, by Inez Hogan.....$1.50
(Macrae Smith)

First, it belonged to a careless little boy who left it out all night. That night it got ideas in its head and had an old crow teach it how to really fly. Then it went to the moon. On the way back it had an accident, but a turtle helped a good careful little boy to find it, and mend its broken wing. This is the story, but the book itself is mostly pictures.

Bringing the Baby Safely Through the Summer Months

THE baby's digestion is easily upset, especially during the hot summer. Consequently, its food must not only be pure, nutritious and digestible, but must not irritate the stomach and bowels.

Pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, suitably modified, is a safe food. Use the method of modification found successful in leading hospitals and in the practice of physicians throughout the country.

This safe, simple and economical method consists of the addition of Karo Syrup to milk. Karo, as every mother knows, is a pure, energy-producing carbohydrate food derived from corn. It is completely digestible, even by the frailest infant. Karo is the safe hot weather addition to milk formulas—excellent for growing children, too.

Free to Mothers!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. CL-7, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

Four Months of CHILD LIFE For $1.00

MORE vacation fun with the good times of the holidays that follow are in store for you in the next four issues of Child Life—August, September, October and November.

How would you like to spend the summer in a queer old house full of secret passages and perhaps a hidden treasure? Augusta Seaman is writing one of her most popular mystery stories all about it "The House in Hidden Lane"... read it!

"Doris and the Trolls"... another dandy serial as funny as "Dizzie Lizzie" and as crazy as "Alice in Wonderland" is coming soon. The whole family will love this clever story by Richard Atwater.

You and your friends will enjoy the two-page patriotic song "Our America." There's a dandy article for beginners in swimming by Sid G. Hedges. Frances Margaret Fox's game about old whaling vessels is called "There She Blows." The story of "Bill Beaver" is written by his nearest neighbor. And... here's a real surprise... Ralph Power's tales of historic sailing vessels illustrated with stunning pictures you will want to frame for your room.

All these surprises and more.. in the next few issues of Child Life.

Very often newsstands sell all their Child Life magazines before our readers buy their copies. That's why we make this special offer of four months for one dollar.

Just fill in the coupon below, and the August issue will be delivered directly to you by the mailman.

-TEAR HERE-

CHILD LIFE Jy 30
536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the next four issues of Child Life beginning with August. A dollar bill is enclosed.

Name.....

Address .....

City..... State.....

RAGGY-PETE

[Continued from page 327]

get going up the river and see what's happened," Redge proposed presently.

Something had happened at the beaver dam all right. Ted and Sam and Redge leaned up against the clump of birch trees and laughed until they cried. The woods echoed and re-echoed with their outbursts.

Where was Raggy-Pete? That was a question with a thousand answers.

"Did you ever see so many pieces of plaid shirt?" asked Sam as he rolled over and over on the ground. "Your blue overalls have a front seat, Redge."

"I take back all I said about feeling sorry for them," chuckled Ted. "I expect they're feeling sorry for us."

"Their dam looks like a patchwork quilt, and we not only furnished the patches but delivered them," added Slim.

"They've decided not to move, that's sure," said Redge, "and I'm glad of it. I like clever neighbors."

"What's the matter with our moving?" asked Ted. "Looks like a good swimming place over here—suppose we put a stick down in this hole."

"It'll make a peach of a swimming hole," sang out Redge. "Just look!"

"One swimming hole moved one mile due east," laughed Ted.

"Here's an idea," said Sam, and cutting a strip of birch bark from one of the stumps, he printed:

SYLVAN SWIMMING HOLE
Joint Ownership
Beavers and Us Folks

"That's a good one," agreed Ted. "We'll tie it on this tree."

"Gee!" exclaimed Sam suddenly. "What'll we do with our clothes while we swim? I don't want to furnish supplies for this dam regularly."

"Can't we park them in a tree?" asked Ted.

"Suppose they took a notion to gnaw the tree down?"

That was something else to think about.

"I have it," came from Redge. "We can build a little mossy shack, sort of a dugout, right over there, and make look-outs in it. Maybe some day we might get a chance to see the beavers working."

"There's nothing slow about that," said Sam.

"Now we've all got what we want," agreed Ted contentedly, "the beavers included."

THE INSECT WORLD

By MARY FRANCES SUMMERS
Assistant Curator of Art, Illinois State Museum

THE SPIDER

THIS hairy spider, which really isn't an insect because she has eight legs instead of six, lives in fields and gardens. She is a miner, spinner and hunter of insect game.

Her home is an underground tunnel which she makes with a platform going straight back, on which she watches for unsuspecting passers-by. She has eight eyes to watch with and let her know who is at her doorway.

Like the mantis she can pop up very suddenly to snatch the amazed insect before he knows what it is all about. She paralyzes her victim, so that he does not feel pain.

Spiders do not often bite people, and if one is bitten there is usually only a red bump to remind one of the affair. But once in a while a spider bite is so painful that it is better to become acquainted with all spiders at a little distance.

Now having told you some rather uncomplimentary things about her, I will tell you what a devoted mother she is. She comes out of her safe home which has such narrow walls and spins a rough silk rug on which to work. Then, when sure of a clean place, she spins a fine white silk bag of very good size. In this bag she lays her eggs. Having carefully fastened the edges of the bag together, she carries the bag everywhere she goes, looking as though she had just collected the family laundry.

At night she takes the bag into her tunnel but early in the morning it is taken out to get the sun. When the youngsters hatch they climb up one of her furry legs and soon she is covered with the little beasties.

She has more children than the Old Woman Who Lived In a Shoe but she seems to know just what to do. No one could get so many into a baby buggy, so she just lets them ride on her back, and whenever they take a tumble she gives them a leg up again.

they think it's fun

And you know it helps to preserve their teeth!

NO trouble at all to make the little ones brush their teeth . . . if you give them Colgate's! For Colgate's *tastes good* . . . children love it. Toothbrushing becomes a daily game for the youngsters . . . when they use Colgate's!

Authorities declare Colgate's to be the ideal dentifrice for children . . . because it not only cleans the teeth thoroughly . . . but safely. And how children love the delightful Colgate flavor! It makes toothbrushing a daily joy for the little ones.

And how Colgate's cleans! It cleans with a *washing* action . . . its sparkling, bubbling foam sweeps over teeth and gums, surging down into tiny pits and fissures where food collects and where ordinary toothpaste cannot reach. It purifies and refreshes the entire mouth . . . polishes the teeth brilliantly, *safely.*

Important! Colgate's contains no drugs or medicaments which may derange the bowels or upset the digestion. This is a factor of prime importance with young children, as many mothers can testify.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste . . . be guided by their advice.

FREE: ***to Mothers — This makes Toothbrushing a Game!***

"The Way to Happytown" is a delightful little child's book about the adventures of Bob and Betty on the Way to Happytown. In it is a toothbrushing chart which appeals to the child's play instinct . . . and offers a *reward* for brushing teeth regularly. It is approved by educators and helps you to teach your children the clean teeth habit. Mail the coupon and get this book—free—with a free trial tube of Colgate's.

Colgate, Dept. M-685, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Please send me "The Way to Happytown" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for.....children.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

There's glowing health in a JANTZEN SUNNETTE

Ruddy cheeks, sparkling eyes, bubbling spirits—these come from long summer hours in a Jantzen Sunnette.

Buttonless and tieless, the Sunnette has nothing to come undone; beltless, it has nothing to bind. Its straps are artfully adjusted and sturdily stitched—the Jantzen Sunnette stays put the whole day long, the whole summer long. Colorfast, preshrunk, long-fibre wool—it keeps its lovely shade and perfect fit ALWAYS. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Priced $1.35 everywhere

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Write Dept. 93 Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon, for free catalog.

CHIMNEYPORT

[*Continued from page 323*]

stock in the Orange municipal airport—"

"Hold on! Hold on!" It was the round-faced, red-faced town clerk who came puffing onto the scene now, with a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Forty shares, did you say? Then we're oversubscribed! What shall I do?" He appealed to the chairman of the board of selectmen. "We're oversubscribed. The telephone's been so busy that the chief operator's had hysterics and my wife's gone to bed worn out. Everybody wants a share in the municipal airport. A telegram just came in from Asa Higgins, asking for a hundred shares. Remember Asa, that young smarty that went way out west to Indiana to go into business? Has a thousand dollars to invest in the old town! Had just got the word out there, about this passport business and Slim. There's an Orange boy that's made good!" He beamed over his spectacles at the youths before him, who were also making good.

"But I tell you," argued the pessimistic one. "Even if you are oversubscribed, you haven't reckoned with Weatherbee. He's a mean man—"

"Oh, please! He isn't mean any more," Nick spoke up. "He's sorry he was so stubborn, not speaking to folks and all, just because you accused him of using the village's money, that time he was town clerk. He says that once he was acquitted he ought to have gone along as if nothing had happened."

"Her-rum!" There was a general clearing of throats. "What? He said that?"

The boys all nodded. Weatherbee had confided it all to them as they sat in the shade, eating their lunch the day before.

"Nothing was said about an airport, but he did complain that there was no way to turn the land into money. Nobody'd be friendly enough to buy, even if he offered it cheap. Besides, you know, his hobby is keeping things until they're some use again. He'd like to have a factory located here again, something that could use the old chimney—"

"He would?" Their aviator, much refreshed after Cupe's ministrations, was at their elbow. "Then just tell your friend that if this land becomes an airport his chimney won't be wasted. It will wire up to make one of the prettiest beacons anywhere along the airways of the country. Why, men, you've the makings of a Class A port right here, with hardly a cent of expense. There's drainage. There aren't any thickets or trees to be hauled off—"

Soon everybody was talking at once; Mr. Weatherbee appeared; questions and answers flew back and forth. At last there was enthusiasm for an airport. The boys were so sleepy they couldn't take it all in, but they were roused to sudden wide-awakeness by a heavy familiar sound from above.

"Look out, everybody! Give him clearance! It's Bud Russell, back from Boston with Slim!"

The plane circled, descended slowly, moved into

[*Continued on page 346*]

CHILD LIFE
Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

SINGING PATRIOTS

THE members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League had their float in the Independence Day parade. Helen represented Betsy Ross, stitching busily away on an American flag, and Russell, as George Washington, stood by and examined it proudly. The others were in colonial costume, too, and sat in a row on either side of the float, singing patriotic songs, as the borrowed truck, gayly transformed by means of flags and bunting, rolled down the main street of the town. They sang "Ode to the Fourth of July," "Yankee Doodle," and "Liberty Bell, Ring On!" and when the parade was over the judges awarded them first prize.

"It was the songs that did it," said Harvey afterwards, as they drank lemonade together in the park. "Of course, we're the sort of good citizens who believe in showing our patriotism by deeds, not just by songs. But just the same, songs help."

"You're quite right," said Miss Bradley, the counselor. "It was Phillips Brooks who said, 'A school song in the heart of a child will do as much for his character as a fact in his memory or a principle in his intellect.' Songs affect our thinking and, therefore, our actions. We love our nation, partly because we are so inspired by its great songs."

"Then let's learn more of the songs," suggested Alice.

And that was what they did. Those who did not already know them memorized the entire four stanzas of "The Star Spangled Banner," and they learned the words and music of other songs—"Dixie," "America," "Hail, Columbia!" "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and others. They learned, too, who wrote the words and music, and how the songs had come to be written.

"We mustn't forget the newer songs," said Elizabeth. "I'm going to learn 'The Home Road,' 'America the Beautiful,' and 'Our America,' in our July issue of CHILD LIFE."

"So am I," said David, "and let's have a patriotic serenade. I don't see why serenades should always be saved for Christmas."

Their meetings for the rest of the month were regular singing bees, for they rehearsed their patriotic songs until they knew them well. And then they went from house to house—singing for their friends and parents—and never did carolers meet with a more enthusiastic welcome. And never did carolers enjoy their singing more.

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your July list in time to reach our office by August 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for July.

1. **I learned the four stanzas of "The Star Spangled Banner."**
2. **I learned the four stanzas of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."**
3. **I learned "The Battle Cry of Freedom."**
4. **I learned who wrote the words and music of these songs.**
5. **I learned how one of these songs came to be written.**
6. **I learned one of the other old familiar patriotic songs.**
7. **I learned "America, the Beautiful."**
8. **I learned "The Home Road."**
9. **I memorized the "Our America" song in "Child Life."**
10. **I sang my songs before an audience at home or elsewhere.**

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

League Membership

For membership pins, write Frances Cavanah, manager CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

[*Continued on page 348*]

YOUR SUIT AND DOLLY'S

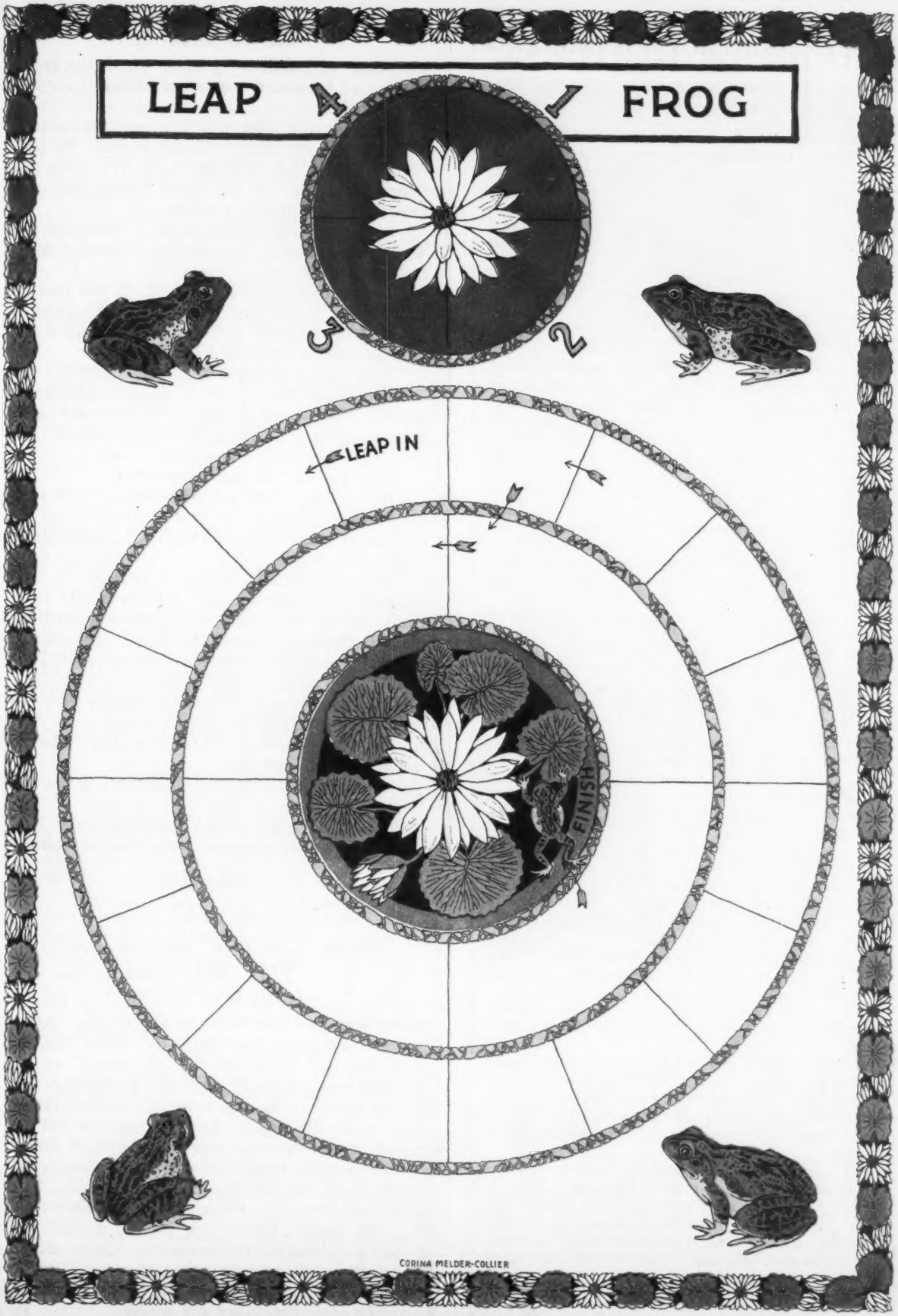
Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.

LITTLE brother is having a jolly Fourth of July—all dressed up in diminutive rompers. In fact, he is always having fun, because his clothes are made so simply and comfortably.

He really feels almost grown-up when he wears his white jersey suit made with tiny shorts and jacket. His other rompers are made of durable wash material.

Pattern No. 6649—3 sizes. 1, 2 and 3 years.
Pattern No. 6763—4 sizes. 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years.
Pattern No. 6211—4 sizes. 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago



(For directions see page 348)

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 306)

until it takes its Sunday rest. But, see where it goes!"

And then the children saw the most wonderful machinery they had ever seen, with the long, endless bar of red soap going in on its track, being cut into even lengths, and dropped down to the lower level.

"This is what we call the cutting table," said the guide. "See how carefully this machine forms the cakes of Lifebuoy for you?"

"Seems pretty smart," said Robert, as he watched the long soap strips slide lengthwise through sets of steel wires that cut them up into real Lifebuoy cakes.

Then they saw the stamping machine that pressed the name "Lifebuoy Health Soap" into the cake, the steel fingers that wrapped the cake with a thin tissue, and the other magic fingers that grasped the cake and folded the box around it, tucking in the ends much faster than human hands could do it.

"Those steel fingers are cleaner than real fingers, aren't they?" said Ruth.

"Yes," said the guide. "They are cleaner; they never make a mistake, and they never get tired. But, speaking of clean fingers, just come along with me, and I'll tell you about a game we are teaching children to play that keeps not only fingers clean, but hands too, and feet, and knees, and even those terrible places, behind your ears!"

So then they went to a big room with lots of busy people and great, big, yellow stacks of Lifebuoy wash-up charts sent in by children all over the United States who had played the Clean Hands Health Game and won their memberships in the Lifebuoy League of Health Guards.

"We could play that game!" Ruth said. "You keep score on these charts, don't you? Why, there is a place to mark every time you wash for one, two, three, four weeks, and there is a place to put a cross for every bath."

"Can I have one of those Health Guard Buttons to wear on my coat?" asked Robert.

"And I wish I could have one of those membership cards," said Ruth.

"You can," said the guide, "if you will earn it by washing and bathing every time you should and keeping score on this card for four whole weeks. Then you mail the chart to Lever Brothers, Cambridge, Mass., with your name signed at the bottom, and that big, blue-eyed girl in the corner will send you the button and certificate."

"How do other children get these wash-up charts?" inquired Ruth, thinking of her friends at home.

"Why, all they have to do it to cut the coupon out of the Lifebuoy advertisement in the magazine, CHILD LIFE. I think you two had better start in to-day keeping your wash-up charts."

"Do you really mean . . . ." Ruth's eyes grew bright.

"I certainly do. I'll give you each a wash-up chart and a school size cake of Lifebuoy."

And that night as Robert and Ruth marked the first cross on their clean hands charts, Ruth said, "Bobby, after this we'll *never once* forget to wash our hands with Lifebuoy. And Mother won't have to worry any more!"

(Advertisement)

CHIMNEYPORT

[Continued from page 342]

the wind, and, skilfully piloted, struck the ground and nosed toward the chimney before it came to a stop.

The gang tore after it. Slim had anticipated a welcome, but not such a welcome as this. He could hardly believe his eyes and he didn't pretend to believe his ears—all the crazy things they were trying to tell him—for a while.

"Lay off," Nick ordered at last. "Give us your version now, Slim. We understand you got to the Senor, all right."

Slim nodded, grinning widely. "The real job came trying to get away from him. He wanted me to come right aboard with him, go to Europe with him, he was so indebted to me."

"Why didn't you go?" Tim inquired.

"Too much fuss to get a passport photograph taken," Slim replied grandly. "Otherwise I should have considered it. Honest, fellows, though, ain't it—?"

"Isn't it," Tim promptly corrected.

"Isn't it a great and glorious feeling to think we've maybe saved a war? It's better than winning one, by a good many million dollars and nobody knows how many lives—"

"And while we're speaking of large deeds, Slim, allow me to interrupt and introduce you to—" Andy bowed sweepingly, majestically toward the old tall chimney, toward the field in general, "to the new municipal airport. Chimneyport is its name. You were its first sponsor."

Slim flushed and looked about him happily. "It isn't true—you don't really mean it—?"

"We really mean it. The town has become—thanks to you—airwise."

For once Slim could think of nothing appropriate to say.

But the red rooster, still confined under Bill's coat, arose to the occasion with a fine ear-splitting crow!

THE END

HOW LITTLE DUCK SAW THE WORLD

[Continued from page 325]

ladies and men who wore bright shining clothes, and he told about the things the funny man had done and how he called, "Quack, quack" to him. He told how the funny man put the chain around his neck because he was a brave duck and flew so high up in the world. But he forgot to tell how scared he was when the rope pulled him by the leg.

After that the ducks came up one by one to have Little Duck tell his story all over again. They didn't call him Little Duck any more. They called him Big Duck. And if you go into a duck yard to-day and hear the ducks saying, "Quack, quack! Quack, quack!" to each other, they may still be talking of the wonderful things Little Duck saw when he went out to see the world.

CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 333*]

select glasses that are tall and slim, for they look pretty on the tray and they show more of the ice and so look colder than short, fat glasses ever do. A tray that is gayly decorated does not need a napkin or tray cloth; but if you do use a cloth, select one that can be boiled. Fruit juices stain but the stain can be removed with boiling water before laundering.

You may think that all the recipes make a very rich drink, but remember that we plan to fill the glasses half full of ice which will greatly dilute our drink. A punch that was just right before we added the ice would be hopelessly thin by the time it was ready to serve. All recipes are planned to serve two or three persons; but they can be increased.

GRAPE PUNCH

Roll 1 lemon, crosswise, till it is softened.
Cut in half, crosswise and squeeze out the juice, using a lemon squeezer.
Measure the juice and pour it into a small pitcher.
Add an equal amount of sugar syrup.
Add ½ cupful of grape juice and 1 cupful of water.
Stir till well blended and pour into glasses which have been half filled with ice.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH

Remove the juice from 3 lemons (see above for method)
Add contents of 1 small can grated pineapple,
½ cupful sugar syrup.
3 cupfuls of water.
Stir well and pour into glasses half filled with ice.

ICED CHOCOLATE

Into a sacue pan put 3 tablespoonfuls of cocoa
6 tablespoonfuls sugar
1½ cupfuls of water.
Bring slowly to a boil, stirring well to dissolve the cocoa.
Boil for 5 minutes and then cool and pour into a small pitcher.
Add 1 tablespoonful of this syrup to a glassful of cooled milk. Stir well and serve at once.

This is a nourishing as well as a refreshing drink. It should be sipped slowly and when served with sandwiches is a delicious luncheon on a hot day.

ORANGE MILK SHAKE

Into a shaker put 1½ cupfuls milk.
4 tablespoonfuls malted milk
5 tablespoonfuls orange syrup made by boiling together for 5 minutes equal parts of orange juice and sugar.
Shake thoroughly and pour into glasses into which you have put 2 tablespoonfuls of cracked ice.

FRUIT PUNCH

(This serves a larger number of persons)
Put into a wide mouthed pitcher ½ cupful sugar syrup
½ cupful raspberry or loganberry juice
Juice of 1 large orange
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 small can grated pineapple
¼ cupful maraschino cherries.
Stir well and let stand for 1 hour and then add 1 quart of cold water. Serve in glasses half full of ice and garnish with half circles of sliced orange.

LONDON SMOKE

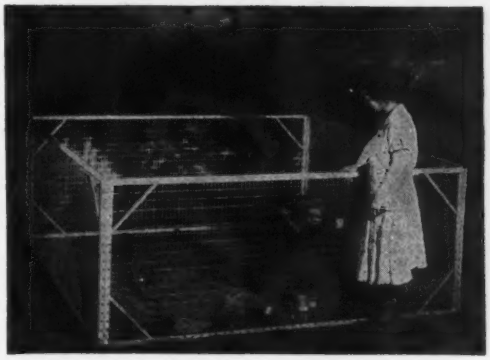
Pour iced ginger ale into tall glasses
Add 1 scoopful of vanilla ice cream to each glass.
Stir gently and serve immediately.

CHOCOLATE SHAKE

Pour ¾ glassful of milk into shaker.
Add 3 heaping teaspoons of some good prepared cocoa or chocolate malted milk (use more or less to suit taste).
Add 2 tablespoons vanilla ice cream.
Shake vigorously. (A fruit jar or milk bottle makes a good shaker, or use an egg beater or cream whipper.)
Place 1 scant scoop of vanilla ice cream in tall glasses, pour over the above mixture and serve with a spoon.

Some girls and boys sell fruit-ades for their gift money—for fresh air funds and such. We hope they will try some of these recipes at their stands.

the KIDDIE KORRAL



Mothers—Here is a solution to one of your most perplexing problems—a portable playground for baby—it will keep him safe and sound in the sun or shade.

THIS portable enclosure, 3 feet 2 inches high and 8 feet square, gives small children the benefit of fresh air and the health-giving ultra violet rays of the sun. The Korral can be easily moved to any part of the yard. Mother can place baby inside its strong, stable enclosure and then go on with her work knowing that he cannot climb out, or stray into dangerous traffic. An occasional glance out of the window to see if "all is well" is the only attention that baby needs while he is so carefully "minded" by this steel protector, the Kiddie Korral.

It is made of steel angles and electrically welded non-climable wire fabric in aluminum finish. The four finished panels can be set up or dismantled in a few moments. One panel swings as a gate. Complete Kiddie Korral $20.00. Satisfaction or money refunded on return—sold direct from factory at factory price.

If you will clip this ad to your check with your order freight will be paid by us. This offer for a limited time only. Order from

CROWN IRON WORKS CO.
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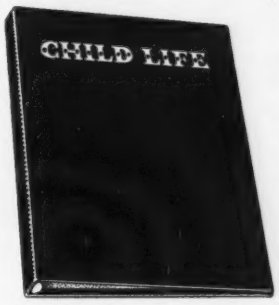
Keep Your Copies of CHILD LIFE



Next year when you want to turn back and read your favorite Child Life stories again, you can find them easily by keeping your copies in this binder.

Here, too, you can have the games and puzzles that you liked best, the recipes from the Kitchen, the plans from the Workshop, all ready to bring you happy hours on even the dullest day.

This binder holds 12 copies—all the reading of a complete year. It has a dark red leatherette cover with Child Life printed in gold, making an attractive book that will have its own place in your library. It is easy to slip your copies into the binder, and fasten the rod that holds each securely in place. To Child Life readers it is $1.75.

CHILD LIFE Jy 30
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, postage prepaid, one 12-copy Child Life binder. Here is $1.75.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

For SAFE Celebrations

NO GUN-POWDER

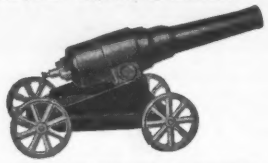
NO MATCHES

SAFE NOISE and plenty of it.

"It doesn't hurt a bit"

BIG-BANG

The Flash and BANG of a real gun without danger from bullets or gun powder burns. Special ammunition provided—called bangsite—is non-inflammable, non-poisonous, and cannot burst the gun. A safe toy for celebrating. Delights all boys who own one. Lasts for years. Approved by Child Life.



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Four red wheels, strong steel carriage.
No. 10W—Price $3.00—length 14 inches

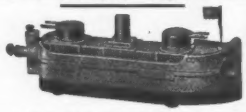
Mounted on two large red artillery wheels—comes in four sizes.

BIG-BANG FIELD ARTILLERY

No. 16F—Price $5.50—length 23 inches
No. 12F—Price $3.75—length 17 inches
No. 8F—Price $2.25—length 11 inches
No. 6F—Price $1.50—length 9 inches

BIG-BANG BOMBING PLANE

Fired like any BIG-BANG. Each BANG spins the propeller. Finished in bright colors.
No. 11P—Price $3.50—length 11 inches



BIG-BANG NAVY GUN-BOAT

Mounted on 4 wheels.
No. 9B—Price $2.00—length 9 inches

BIG-BANG ARMY TANK

Fired like any BIG-BANG, with the added feature that Tank can also be fired by stepping on the igniter.
No. 5T—Price $1.00—length 8 inches

EXTRA SUPPLIES
Bangsite (ammunition) per tube $.15
Spark Plug (igniter) per card.... .10

If your dealer cannot supply you, *send money order or check or pay the Postman for a "BIG-BANG" with a Supply of Bangsite (ammunition) which will be sent to you prepaid in U. S. A. together with complete directions.*

***The Larger the Size, the Louder the* BANG**

The Conestoga Corporation
Main Office and Factory, BETHLEHEM, PA.

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[*Continued from page 343*]

March Honor Roll

Thelma Adams
Mary Amato
Charlene Babbs
Walter Babbs
Ozelda Babin
Emil Bailke
Mary Balger
Betty Barker
Gerald Barnholtz
Gladys Baudreaux
Gwendolyn Bell
Marie Bell
Rebecca Bishop
Georgiana Black
Frank Blanton
Leonard Blood
Mary Blood
Edison Bolker
Clarence Bourgeois
Cornelia A. Braden
Harold Braden
John Braden
Mary M. Braden
Janet Bradley
Ruth Bradshaw
Connie Bramble
Ralph Brickett
Phyllis Brockett
Arlene Brown
Yetta Brown
Dorothy Bush
Lucy Cambosis
Roy Cameron
Claude Cancienne
Ethel Cancienne
Leona Cancienne
Mary Carbine
Lillian Carlstrom
Bobby Carpenter
Philomena Carrano
John Cavallaro
Frank Chambless
Mozelle Chisum
Stanley Charinzy
Faye Clark
Florence Cook
Lorraine Comisky
Arnett M. Cornett
Mary Cowles
Gene Cramer
Virginia Cramer
Jessie Creaser
Lucetta Culling
Elvyn Davis
Ladelle Davis
Louise De Palma
Margaret Dodds
John Douglas
Elizabeth Dunlap
Margaret Durso
Dean Egge
Florence Ellis
Frances Enlow
Helen J. Ervin
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Isabella Gaud
Gene Gerard
Irene Gerard
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Leola Gordon
Edward Grabowski
Ruth Graves
Gwendoline Griffith
Doris Grimm
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Howard Hawkins
Eugenia Heath
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Dean Keil
Hazel Keil
Lloyd Keil
Rachel Keil
Virginia Keil
Marjorie Kellis
Alta L. Kibbe
Mary E. Kiernan
Jane Korzon
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Ruth Lucentre
Pauline Lumis
Frank Marino
Vivian Martin
June Matthes
James Matthews
Nancy Maturo
Lena May
Rolinda Mayo
Dorothy Mercer
Virginia Meyer
Nancy S. Miller
Nettie Miller
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Leona Moore
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Iona Mosel
Juanita Mourning
Genevieve Mulcahy
Lorraine Murchie
Frank Myers
Bobby McCain
Lester McCollum
Ruby McCollum
Ellie McGlaughlin
Rita McManus
Ernest Noefke
Esther Noefke
Lola Noefke
Antoinette Novino
Mary M. Owen
June Pacey
Albert Pacileo
Cleda Phillips
Freda Phillips
George Phillips
Mary Phillips
Robert Phillips
Evelyn Pierson
Anna D. Poth
Mildred Pratt
Edwin Price
Nell Rose Price
Jewell Ragan
Wayne Ragan
Frank Rausch
Frank Redway
Lorraine Renn
Lee Richardson
Boneita Risdon
Keith Risdon
Margaret Rodgers
Julia Romanowicz
Rachel Ruggiero
Imogene Ryan
Jean Sabin
Edna Salvatore
June R. Sanborn
Harry Santino
Anita Saucke
Donald Saucke
Evelyn Saucke
La Vern Saucke
Lawrence Saucke
Theodore Saucke
Anna Scaruffi
Elsie Schonluise
Frances Schultz
Olive Schultz
Dorris Scott
Maxine Scott
Verna-Dean Scott
Concetta Selitte
Evelyn Shaw
F. E. Shepherd
Joe Shunk
Nick Shunk
William Shunk
Everett Siedschlag
Dorothy Simmonds
Ruth Slaughter
Catherine Spambanato
Jesse Spray
Bennie Spurlock
Virginia Stage
Betty Lee Stowell
Bill Sutherland, Jr.
Elver Swart
Lawrence Swart
Leonard Swart
Fletcher Sweezy
Bobbie Tanner
Carrene Tanner
Raymond Thees
Helen Thompson
Hope Thompson
Jean Thompson
John Thompson
Marion Thompson
Robert Tice
Charles Titus
Bobby Turk
Betty Turner
Jane Underhill
J. C. Wallace
Clyta Wallis
Joyce Warner
Christine Weeks
Frank Wells
Edna M. Wheeler
Margaret Wheeler
Jimodean Wilborn

LEAP FROG

A Game

By CLARA FAHRENBACH

(*See page 345*)

THIS game is to be played on the open page of the magazine with the leaves folded under. Four children may play. Each child has a button to represent his frog. The players can tick-tack-toe or, if you have a spinner, spin for the number of moves.

With the eyes closed tick-tack-toe with a pencil held high over the *water-lily wheel* at the top of the page, tapping the lily each time. Or you can spin for the order of play, the one getting the highest number having the first turn. Then spin or tick-tack-toe again for the number of moves.

Start from the space marked *leap in.* After the first four plays have been made, that is after the frogs have taken their position, the last frog, the one nearest the starting point, spins. His aim is to spin a number high enough to take him in front of the frog who is ahead. Always the last frog has the play.

If the number the last frog gets is not high enough to *leap over* the other frogs, but takes him to a space held by another frog, he cannot move. The play then goes to the frog in front of him. If there is a space or spaces unoccupied, between the last frog and the other frogs, and the last frog gets a number low enough, he can move that number of spaces.

The first frog to reach the water lily in the center wins.

COOKIES

LAURA LEE RANDALL

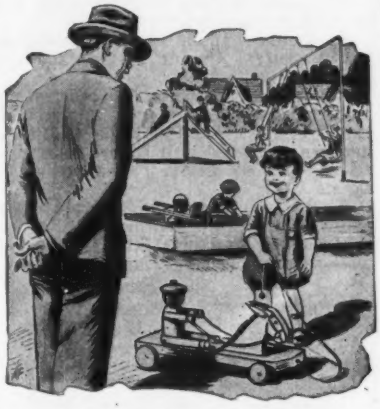
I LIKE cookies as thick
As my fingers and thumbs;
I gobble them quick,
And give Fido the crumbs.

ANSWERS TO A SPELLING BEE PUZZLE

(*See page 337*)

R-A-T, t-a-r; W-A-R, r-a-w;
B-I-N, n-i-b; P-O-T, t-o-p;
M-A-Y, y-a-m.

"My Kiddies Enjoy Soaking-up Sunshine"



Dear Kiddies:

I walked over to the playground the other day - the sun was shining brightly and I just knew everybody would be having a good time. Sure enough, I found my little friends having a circus - and most of them with their Hustler Toys. Some were busy in the sand boxes and pools and others were running about. No wonder they are tired when bedtime comes.

Playing in the sunshine will keep you healthy. That's why I design my toys for outdoor play. If you would like to see some colored pictures of my toys just have mother write your name and address below and mail it to me. I'll send you some right away.

Lovingly,
Uncle Bill Hustler

HUSTLER
Lifelike TOYS Instructive GAMES
IN TOY DEPARTMENTS EVERYWHERE

UNCLE BILL HUSTLER
Dept. C-3, Hustler Toy Corp., Sterling, Ill.

Kindly send colored picture booklet of Hustler Toys. I am enclosing five cents (5c) in stamps (or coin) to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
I am....years old. My birthday is.....

Joy Givers' Club

CLUB MOTTO
"The only joy I keep is what I give away."

Dear Miss Waldo:

My brother and I enjoy our magazine very much indeed. We take it to school and our teacher reads it to the whole room.

Mother is going to organize a little sewing club of little girls my age. We are going to use "The Sew It Book" in the club. I have a little girl's sewing machine, and I have been making a doll quilt. I have a playhouse. It is very big and I have doll furniture just my size. The name of my playhouse is Lu-Bert Inn. Mother took it from my name, Mary Louise, and my brother Bert's name. It is bungalow style and is trimmed in bark with a porch and window boxes.

I live near a swimming pool, and we live in the shadow of Mt. Mitchell, the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains. It is cool all summer long. We live twenty-seven miles from Asheville, N. C. This town was once an Indian fort. We find Indian arrow heads on the school ground.

With love,

MARY LOUISE MOORE,
Old Fort, N. C.

Age 7.

MARY LOUISE MOORE

Dear Miss Waldo:

About three years ago we took a trip to New Market, Virginia, where we saw the Endless Caverns. They are very beautiful. All the stalagmites and stalactites of limestone are in natural forms. There are different rooms such as fairy palace, bronze room, skyland, snowdrift room, the mitten room, and many others. All these rooms are of all different colors. It is a beautiful sight.

JANE BROWN,
Scranton, Pa.

Age 13.

Notice to Joy Givers

Original contributions intended for the Joy Givers' Department of the October issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than July 31. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as interesting letters. The best of these contributions will be selected and published.

Baby Experts say:

"Give All Baby's Things This Care"

Baby experts say, "It makes a big difference to a baby's comfort—*the way you wash his little garments.*

"Scratchy, shrunken woolens . . . diapers not safely washed . . . mean discomfort or actual pain to babies.

"Be very careful never to use a harsh soap in washing baby's things, for if even a bit of such soap remains in a garment, it may irritate his tender skin, cause rashes and chafing. Use only the purest, safest soap."

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Toast, etc.

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Sterno Corp., Dept. 187
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Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢ for Special Sterno Stove and new Cook Book.

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Means
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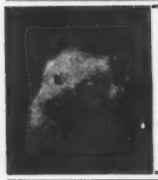

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Send for pictures. Also dog remedies.
MABEL BAXTER
Telephone 418 Great Neck, L. I.

Dear Miss Waldo:

My daddy is the director of "Our Gang Comedies." He also writes the stories for them.

Hoping you may find a place to squeeze this letter in CHILD LIFE, I remain,

Your loving reader,

HELEN McGOWAN,
Age 13. Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN McGOWAN

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have just returned from a tour in Japan, China, Philippine Islands and Guam. Maybe the children would be interested to know about my trip to the Temple of Heaven, in Peking, China.

We went in a taxi about four miles and there was the Altar of Heaven. It is made of marble and is very beautiful. In the center of the altar there is a stone called a praying stone. The Emperor kneels on this stone and says his prayers. The stone is hollow and is supposed to echo his prayers to heaven.

Then we walked two blocks, and there was the Temple of Heaven. The doors were barred but we looked in. We saw five big boxes. They are supposed to hold rain, thunder, snow, hail and food, when the people are in need of one of these things.

Yours truly,

BETTY WILSON,
Springfield, Mo.

FAR AWAY

When I take out my violin
And start the Traumeri to play,
With the beauty of that piece
My soul drifts far, far away.

I see angels in a world
Of beauty where I long to stay
And though my body stays right here
My soul is far away.

MARGARET DICK,
Age 11. North Platte, Neb.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We had a puppet show in school. The name of it was "Hansel and Gretel." We made our own programs, too.

We invited the kindergarten, first, second, fifth and sixth grades. The third and fourth grade had the puppet show. I worked the mother puppet.

THE PUPPETS

Funny little puppets,
Hanging up with strings,
Let the people laugh at you,
You're such funny things.

SELMA COHEN,
Age 8. Atlantic City, N. J.

SUMMER

When beechen buds begin to swell
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

WILLIAM KOCH,
Age 10. St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

My name is Lucy Roberts Stark, but everybody calls me Bobby.

I have four bantam chickens, three hens and a rooster. One of my bantam hens has laid a bantam egg.

My father made me a doll bed and my mother painted it green. It has wheels on it and I am making a quilt for it. I have my own room and in it I have a dressing table. It is so pretty. I wish you could see it.

We live on a farm six miles from a school and a mile from the mail box.

My father has some little red pigs. I have a puppy. It is growing real big now.

Your friend,

Age 10. BOBBY STARK,
Brandy, Va.

EILENE WEAKLY

A GOOD PATRIOT

Do you know what the white in our flag calls to mind?
Its purity we must always have; it's sometimes hard to find.
Honesty is represented in our flag by blue;
It means that we should always be quite honest and quite true.
So let us pull our chests up bravely and hold our heads up high,
And we shall all be pure and brave and never tell a lie.
One day I saw a big parade and I stood by to admire.
I took my stand, with hat in hand; with zeal I felt afire.
All will love this flag, this flag that's really ours,
The flag that above everything majestically towers.

EILENE WEAKLY,
Age 11. Wilmette, Ill.

A GOOD JOKE ON ME

When I was just beginning to go to school I did not know exactly what to do. One morning I came into the schoolhouse and went to my seat. Then I noticed everyone was trying to refrain from laughing at me!

I felt all around myself, yet I could not find what the pupils were laughing at. Finally I felt my head. I discovered that I had left my hat on. That was a good joke on me.

PAUL R. HODIERNE,
Monroe, N. Y.

Airplane Swing

Kiddies Go Wild Over Flying Fun

Here's a plane they can really ride—no make-believe—and it rides like a real plane. Three places to sit or stand—plenty of places to hold on.

Four Point Suspension — Can't Tip
Safe and sturdy. Brilliant red body 4 feet long. Natural wood wings, pilot seat and handle.

Packed Flat. Set Up in Ten Minutes
Hang it on the porch, in the attic, basement, under a tree, or wherever children play.

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If your dealer can't supply you, we'll send you one on receipt of **$3.50**

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This Windmill Always Works $1.50 POSTPAID

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Send for a "Big Chief" today
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Box 319 Oakland, Calif.

A TRIP TO VERSAILLES

One of the most interesting days we had on our visit to Europe last summer, was our trip to Versailles. We left Paris early in the morning, starting from the historic Madelon Church. From there we drove past the Tuilleries Gardens, down the beautiful Champs d'Elysees, passing the Arch d'Triomphe, with its flame burning over the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

We arrived at the village of Versailles at lunch time, eating our lunch at a quaint hotel, which had once been a castle. After lunch our guide led us into the grounds of the palace. Before we entered the court-yard we could see over the walls the famous palace of Versailles. This castle was built by Louis XIV and occupied by himself, Louis XV, the ill-fated Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. In later years Napoleon also lived here.

We were carefully guided through the magnificent rooms and corridors, built of beautiful marble and tiles. The ceilings were painted by the most famous artists of this period. The walls were hung with wonderful paintings. One of the most interesting rooms was that in which the Peace Treaty was signed at the end of the World War. We were shown where President Wilson sat when he signed the treaty.

There was very little furniture left in the palace, it having been carried away during the Revolution. Whatever is there now has been replaced, and is an exact reproduction of the original furniture.

Another interesting spot was shown in the apartments of Marie Antoinette, where the Swiss Guards tried to save their queen.

We next visited the grounds with its marvelous fountains, which were playing that afternoon. They are turned on at stated periods only, as it costs the French government thousands of dollars every time this is done. It was a very beautiful sight with sunlight reflecting on the many fountains and on the statues and flowers.

From the main palace we drove to the Petit Trianon, and saw the hamlet of Marie Antoinette, where she played at farming, when she wanted to get away from the gay court life. Here were her "Love Temple," music hall, and dairy.

We next saw the Grande Trianon, the home of Madame de Pompadour and La du Barry, which were in as perfect condition as if they had recently been built.

As the sun began to set we started back to Paris after a day filled with many wonderful sights which we will never forget.

EILEEN BYRON,
Age 10. Detroit, Mich.

TOM, LAURA and PHILLIP SUTHERLAND

OUR NATION'S FLAG

The colors of our flag are few,
They are just red, white, and blue,
But it is very pretty too,
And stands for all that's brave and true.

MARY E. SMITHSON,
Age 9. Hogeland, Mont.

Keep the Kiddies in their Own Back Yard Safe and Happy

THE KIDDIE GYM will mean a playground, and a background that will develop lovable, happy children, with strong, sturdy bodies. Just imagine what thrills and excitement!

A Regular Gymnasium In Your Own Back Yard

It will hold the children's interest (3 to 15 years of age) and keep them in the sunshine—out of mischief, and off the streets, while developing hardy, muscular little bodies, so they can more easily resist sickness, which means little loss of time away from school. You will also save those unnecessary Doctor's bills caused from lack of proper exercise. THE KIDDIE GYM is highly endorsed by Educational and Medical Authorities. Priced so that every parent can provide this valuable play outfit for their children.

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*Address*_____
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Pine Tree Club for Older Girls

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Cuticura Soap
Who Values Her Children's Skin Health
Price 25c. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 19B, Malden, Mass.

Do You Want A Pony?

Enter the
CHILD LIFE Contest

150 Grand Prizes *See pages 330 and 331*

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I live in a small town in Alaska. In the winter we ski and slide mostly, but we have skating sometimes. In the summer time we swim, play baseball, hike and go on picnics and camping trips.

This picture I am sending is of us kids in swimming. I am the first one on the right hand side. I have my arms out to

try and catch the big ball. My brother is the other one with his arms outstretched. There are four children in our family.

We have been sliding and skiing all day. We have missed one day of school and one day we could not have Sunday school, because of deep snow.

My sister and I are in the junior choir.

Your Alaskan Friend,
HARRIET SHELDON,
Haines, Alaska.

MY DOGS

Betty's my Irish Setter;
I wish she'd behave better,
For she catches my chickens
And makes me mad's the dickens,
Yet I love no doggie better.

My great dane, Atalanta,
Is a boisterous ranter.
She is so very large
She lives in a garage,
And might be called Elephanta.

HARLOW WHITTIER COLE,
Age 10. Fremont, N. H.

HARLOW WHITTIER COLE

FOURTH OF JULY

At last, the Fourth of July has come,
With blast of trumpet and boom of drum,
With a *crack* and a *bang* on every side
And colored skyrockets flying wide.

JEAN WEINIG,
Age 9. New York City, N. Y.

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CALVERT SCHOOL, since its foundation 32 years ago, has successfully taught thousands of children in their own homes in every part of the world. Calvert Home Instruction Courses provide expert schooling from Kindergarten to High School under the supervision of specialists in child education. Each pupil's work is individually guided by a Calvert teacher in Baltimore.

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For descriptive booklet address

CALVERT SCHOOL
17-E Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.

If you missed the May and June installments of the

CHILD LIFE CONTEST

Write for copies of those pictures to the

Prize Editor
% CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

SEE PAGES 330 AND 331

Use More Money?

THE CHILD LIFE MERCHANDISING DIVISION is in a unique position to help a few ambitious mothers to secure additional luxuries the feminine heart desires—to give to their children advantages they would otherwise forego, to earn the automobile they dream of—by devoting spare hours to unusually interesting work for some of the manufacturers who advertise in CHILD LIFE.

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We will do the rest

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E. EVALYN GRUMBINE
Advertising Manager, CHILD LIFE

Merchandising Division, CHILD LIFE
536 South Clark Street
Chicago, Illinois

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A globe

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Sixteen-inch floor stand globe in solid walnut

FOR a globe brings the world to your living room. There you see in a new, understandable way, where today's great events take place. Polar explorations and Indian uprisings, history-making flights and naval conferences all take new meaning, new importance when you see, on a globe, the world and all its countries laid out in miniature. No other type of map can portray the ball-shaped earth as it really is. Only on a globe can continents and oceans and countries be shown correctly shaped, in their true proportions and locations.

Children especially should have a globe handy at all times, that they may grow up with a true conception of the world they live in. They, like you, will take new interest in world affairs when they have a globe to which to refer.

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The Hudson
Eight-inch table globe in solid walnut

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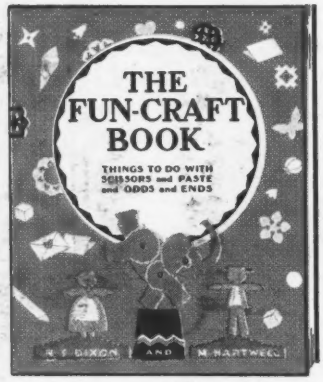
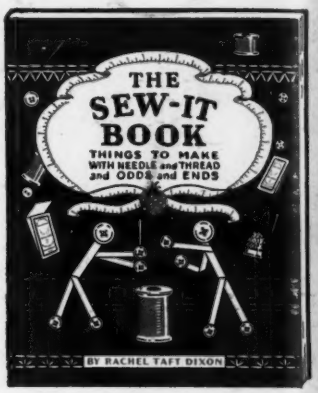
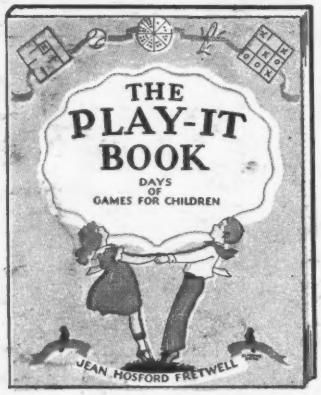
FUN—hours of it—for boys and girls from 6 to 15 years old. Make your own toys—play your own games. Just see what these wonderful books tell you how to do!



THE FUN-CRAFT BOOK tells how to make toy animals that do tricks, and how to stencil and dye, and do block printing . . . and lots of other interesting things. All you need is the book and a few things you'll find at home. Lots of pictures and simple directions.

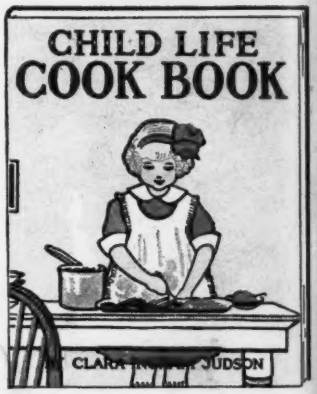
THE SEW-IT BOOK tells you how to make things with needle and thread. Pretty and useful things they are, too—clothes for the doll—a bib for baby—a luncheon set for mother—and lots of nice things for yourself. Shows you just what to do and how to do it.

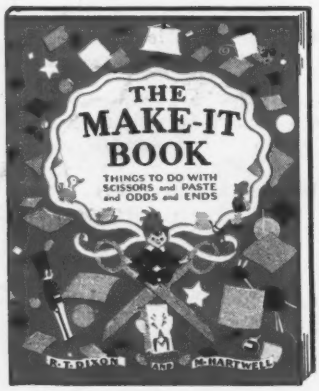




THE PLAY-IT BOOK tells how to play the most fascinating games! All kinds of games—for winter and summer—indoors and out doors—at parties and alone. They're the kind of games you will want to play over and over again because they are *so* much fun.

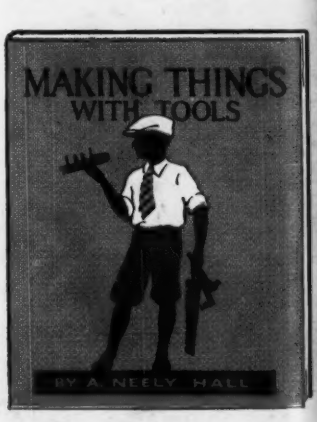
CHILD LIFE COOK BOOK tells how to cook—oh! such good things to eat! Any little girl (and many boys—especially those who like to camp) will want to make all of them. Each step is explained and made so easy—why, anybody can be a good cook with this book to tell how!





THE MAKE-IT BOOK shows how to make all kinds of things with scissors and paste and odds and ends found at home. Kites, trick toys, caps, funny false-faces, wagons, boats, doll furniture—any boy or girl can make them all, and have hours and hours of fun in doing it.

MAKING THING WITH TOOLS tells boys how to use carpenters' tools and make lots of useful things out of a few boards and nails. Boats that really go—kites and aeroplanes that fly—bird houses and book ends and whistles and rattles—this book explains exactly how to make them.



All of these books have lots of pictures and diagrams in them. You can buy them at any bookstore for only $1.00 each. If your bookstore doesn't have them, send your order to the publisher, with the money and 7 cents extra for each book to cover postage, and they will be sent to you at once.

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